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No 14 OCT.-NOV.

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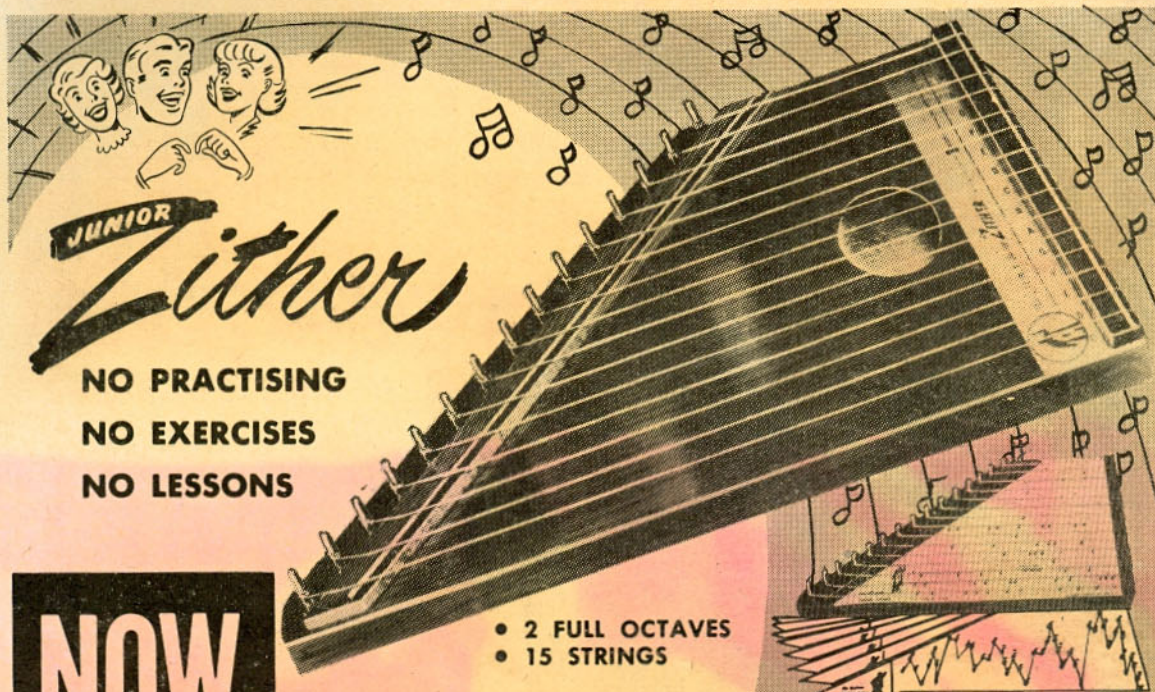




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The VANISHING SUBMARINE



FROM UP AND DOWN THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD CAME EXCITED REPORTS OF THE PRESENCE OF A MYSTERIOUS SUBMARINE... A CRAFT WHOSE WEIRD DESIGN GAVE NO CLUE TO ITS NATIONALITY! FRANTICALLY, THE NAVY AND COAST GUARD LAUNCHED A SEARCH! WHERE DID THE SUB COME FROM? WHY WAS IT PROWLING THE EASTERN COASTLINE? THE QUESTIONS WERE NOT ANSWERED UNTIL THAT FATEFUL NIGHT WHEN LIEUT. BOB MANNING OF NAVY INTELLIGENCE FOUND HIMSELF A PRISONER ABOARD THE FANTASTIC SHIP, OUTWARD BOUND... HIS DESTINATION UNKNOWN!



AT NAVY INTELLIGENCE HEAD-QUARTERS---

HERE'S ANOTHER AIR PHOTO OF THAT BLASTED SUB! LOOK AT IT! WHO-EVER DESIGNED THAT THING MUST'VE BEEN HAVING NIGHT-MARES!

SURE IS FREAKISH, COMMANDER!

WE'VE GOT TO NAIL THAT SHIP AND FIND OUT WHAT IT'S UP TO, LT. MANNING... BEFORE WASHINGTON BLOWS ITS TOP! THIS IS GETTING AS BAD AS THE FLYING SAUCERS!

I'VE MADE A CHART OF THE PLACES IT'S BEEN SEEN, SIR! SEEMS TO CENTER ITS ACTIVITIES NEAR A STRETCH OF LONG ISLAND BEACH!

I'D LIKE PERMISSION TO HANG AROUND THAT BEACH, COMMANDER! PERHAPS THEY'RE HOPING TO LAND SPIES AND SABOTEURS! THE NAZIS TRIED THAT TRICK IN THE SAME REGION. REMEMBER!

GO TO IT! BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE, BRING BACK SOME CON-CRETE INFORMATION BEFORE I GO NUTS!

FOR A WEEK, BOB MANNING PATROLS THE LONELY LONG ISLAND BEACH...NOT KNOWING THAT HE IS BEING SHADOWED!

LOOKS AS IF MY IDEA WAS ALL WET! I HAVEN'T SEEN SO MUCH AS A MINNOW, LET ALONE A SUBMARINE!

KEEP HIM ALWAYS IN SIGHT, IGOR! BUT DO NOT LET HIM SEE YOU!



Then, LATE ONE NIGHT...

HOLY SMOKE! THAT WEIRD DESIGN...IT MUST BE... IT!



NO LIGHTS...NOT A SIGN OF ANYONE! AND THE CONNING TOWER HATCH IS OPEN! MAYBE THE CREW'S GONE ASHORE...I'D BETTER DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!



THE SHADOW OF SOMETHING MOVING BEHIND HIM WARNS BOB BARELY IN TIME! HE DUCKS---WHIRLS---



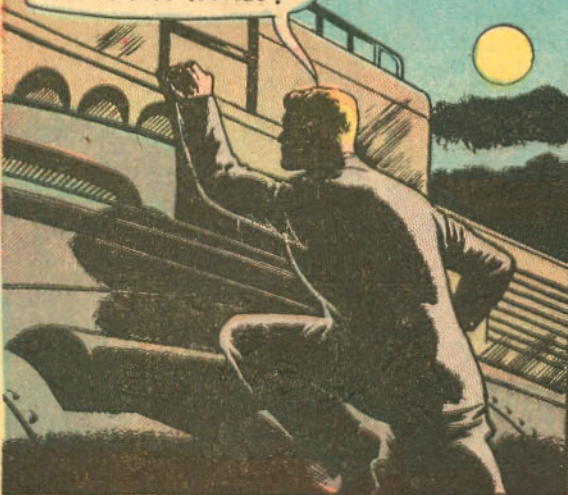
THAT SHOULD HOLD YOU UNTIL I GET BACK!



SWIMMING UNDERWATER TO AVOID DETECTION, BOB APPROACHES THE STRANGE SUBMARINE!



IT'S EVEN WEIRDER-LOOKING CLOSE UP! ALMOST AS IF IT'S...IT'S FROM ANOTHER WORLD!



I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S INSIDE! I SURE WISH SOMEBODY WAS WITH ME!



IN THE DESERTED CONTROL ROOM, BOB STARES AT THE STRANGELY-MARKED INSTRUMENTS...

YE GODS! I NEVER SAW ANY LANGUAGE LIKE **THIS** BEFORE! ALMOST LIKE **EGYPTIAN HIERO-GLYPHICS!**



MUST BE THE SKIPPER'S QUARTERS!



NO SIGN OF ANYONE ANYWHERE... **WHAT THE ...!**



LOCKED! ... GREAT GUNS! THE SUB'S MOVING! SHE'S ... UNDERWAY!



THE WHOLE SET-UP SMACKS OF A TRAP TO LURE ME ABOARD! BUT WHAT WOULD ANYONE WANT WITH **ME?** AND WHERE AM I BEING TAKEN?



THAT ODOR... AS IF I'M BEING... ANESTHETIZED! I CAN'T GO TO SLEEP NOW... I **CAN'T...**

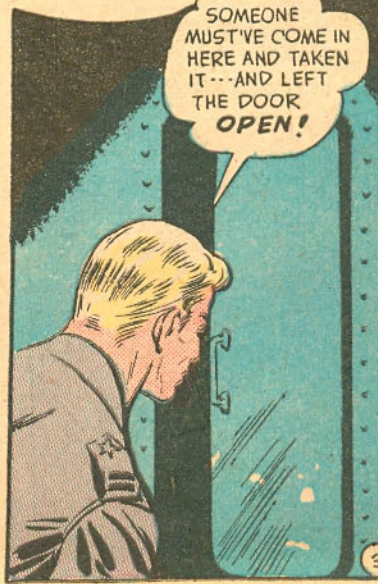


BUT SLEEP BOB DOES... FOR MANY, MANY HOURS! THEN...

MY GUN! IT WAS IN MY HAND WHEN I DROPPED OFF! NOW IT'S **GONE!**



SOMEONE MUST'VE COME IN HERE AND TAKEN IT... AND LEFT THE DOOR **OPEN!**





GOOD GOSH! THE
SUB'S IN A CAVERN!
BUT... WHERE?



HERE COMES SOMEBODY!
WHAT IN THUNDER IS HE
WEARING? IT'S LIKE
THE OUTFITS THE
ANCIENT EGYPTIANS
USED!

BE NOT ALARMED,
AMERICAN! YOU ARE
AN HONORED GUEST
...A REPRESENTATIVE
OF YOUR GREAT
COUNTRY!



THEN TELL ME
WHERE I AM AND
WHY I'VE BEEN
BROUGHT
HERE!

GO INSIDE
AND YOU SHALL
LEARN!



WELCOME, AMERICAN... WE HAVE
AWAITED YOU! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE
THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST IVAN SOMOFF OF THE
USSR... BRUCE WELLAND OF THE UNITED
KINGDOM... ANDRÉ MORENZ OF FRANCE...



WE HAD ALL THE PRINCIPAL
NATIONS REPRESENTED EXCEPT
AMERICA! THAT IS WHY **YOU**
HAVE BEEN BROUGHT HERE!

BUT
WHERE IS
HERE?



YOU ARE MANY, MANY
LEAGUES UNDER THE
OCEAN, LIEUTENANT
MANNING... IN
ATLANTIS!

ATLANTIS!
LOST ATLANTIS!
IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!



THAT'S WHAT I SAID, OLD BOY,
WHEN I ARRIVED! BUT LET ME
ASSURE YOU, IT'S CORRECT!
STRAIGHT UP **THERE** IS THE
SARGASSO SEA!

THEN THE STORY CAME OUT...HOW, WHEN THE INHABITANTS OF ATLANTIS FOUND THEIR CONTINENT SINKING CENTURIES AGO, THEY MADE PREPARATIONS FOR CONTINUING LIFE UNDER THE SEA ---

WE SEALED UP GREAT CAVERNS, LIEUTENANT, MADE THEM STRONG ENOUGH TO RESIST THE PRESSURE OF THE WATER! AND HERE WE HAVE LIVED!

BUT YOU HAD TO HAVE **OXYGEN** TO BREATHE!

WE WERE ABLE TO EXTRACT OXYGEN FROM THE WATER! YOU SEE, OUR TECHNOLOGY IS QUITE ADVANCED! WE HAVE PERFECTED SUB-NUCLEAR POWER AND USE IT TO ACTIVATE THE SUBMARINE YOU CAME ON AND NUMEROUS OTHER DEVICES!

SUB-NUCLEAR POWER! WHY, THAT'S BEYOND ATOMIC POWER! WE HAVEN'T ARRIVED AT THAT STAGE YET!

WE ATLANTIANS HAVE ADVANCED FAR IN SCIENCE... BUT WE ARE A DYING RACE! THERE ARE VERY FEW OF US LEFT! THE QUESTION IS, WHAT TO DO WITH THE MANY SECRETS WE POSSESS! THEY WOULD BE OF ENORMOUS BENEFIT TO MANKIND!

WE HAVE BROUGHT MEN HERE FROM ALL THE LEADING NATIONS TO LEARN FROM THEM WHICH GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE TRUSTED WITH THIS INFORMATION... WHICH MUST NOT BE USED FOR WAR AND NATIONAL GREED!

ENOUGH OF THIS! THERE IS ONLY ONE CHOICE!

WHY THIS AMERICAN SHOULD BE PRESENT IS RIDICULOUS! HIS COUNTRY'S SOLE AIM IS WAR-MONGERING... CAPITALISTIC TYRANNY! THE ONLY TRUE DEMOCRACY IS UNDER THE RED STAR OF THE USSR! GIVE **US** YOUR SECRETS!

DEMOCRACY! WHAT DO **YOU** KNOW ABOUT DEMOCRACY? YOU AND YOUR SLAVE STATES, YOUR SECRET POLICE, YOUR BLOOD PURGES...

SIR, THERE IS ONE PERFECT SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEM! GIVE YOUR SECRETS TO THE **UNITED NATIONS**! THEN **ALL** COUNTRIES, GREAT AND SMALL, CAN USE THEM!

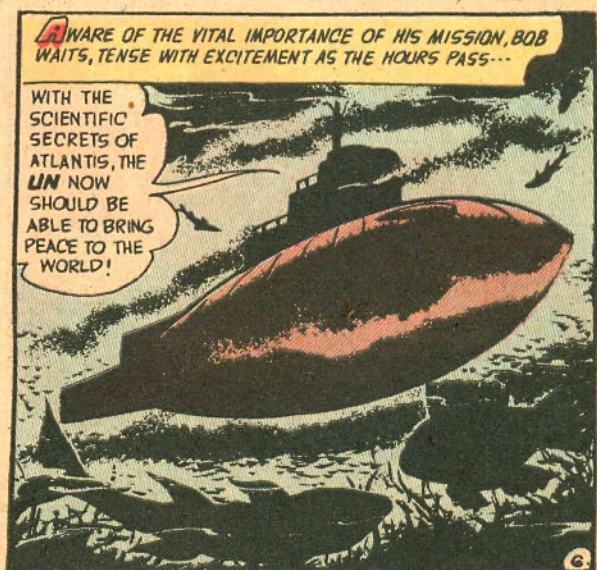
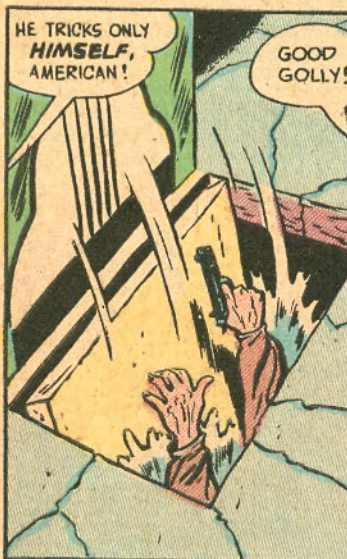
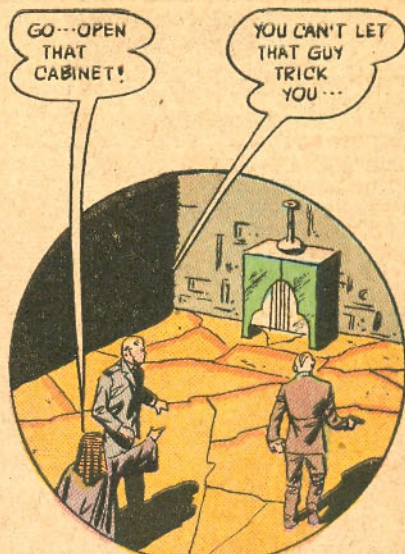
AH! THE ANSWER I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! THE REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, FROM FRANCE AND THE MAJORITY OF OTHER LANDS HAVE SUGGESTED THE SAME THING!

YOU, LIEUTENANT, WILL GO BACK TO REPORT TO THE UNITED NATIONS! YOU WILL HAVE THEM SEND SCIENTIFIC EXPERTS HERE ABOARD OUR SUBMARINE!

YES, SIR!

I WOULD GO MYSELF, BUT WE ATLANTIANS HAVE BEEN SHIELDED FROM THE COSMIC RAYS FOR SO LONG THAT EXPOSURE TO THEM WOULD SOON FINISH US!... COME, LIEUTENANT, YOU LEAVE AT ONCE!

STAND BACK! NOBODY'S GETTING THOSE SECRETS BUT THE **SOVIET**!







THIS POOR OFFICER IS OBVIOUSLY OUT OF HIS MIND!

I'M AFRAID 90... GUARDS!



LET ME GO! I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!

ANOTHER CRACKPOT, JIM... TAKE HIM TO THE HOSPITAL!

AT THE HOSPITAL, BOB FRANTICALLY PLEADS HIS CASE! THEN, SEEING HE IS GETTING NOWHERE...

HE'S A WILD ONE! GET THE STRAITJACKET ON HIM QUICK!

I DEMAND THAT YOU NOTIFY MY SUPERIOR OFFICER, COMMANDER SAMSON!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, COMMANDER SAMSON VISITS BOB...

COMMANDER, I FOUND THE SUBMARINE JUST WHERE I THOUGHT I MIGHT! I WAS TAKEN ABOARD HER TO ATLANTIS! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!

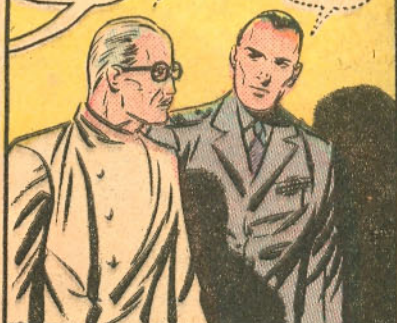
OF COURSE I BELIEVE YOU, LIEUTENANT! WE'LL SEND THOSE EXPERTS! DON'T WORRY!



BUT THE SUBMARINE HAS TO BE CONTACTED TONIGHT OR IT WILL RETURN TO ATLANTIS! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

HE OBVIOUSLY HAS BEEN UNDER A GREAT STRAIN! A REST MAY FIX HIM UP!

A PITY! HE WAS A SMART LAD!



AS THE HOURS PASS AND NIGHT COMES...

I MUST GET TO THE BEACH AND CONTACT THE SUBMARINE BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER!



WHEN THE ORDERLY ENTERS...

GUESS IT'S SAFE TO TAKE THE STRAITJACKET OFF HIM NOW!



THANKS, PAL!





NOW TO CLEAR OUT OF HERE!
IF I HURRY, I SHOULD MAKE
IT TO THE BEACH BEFORE
DAWN!



PATIENT IN
THREE-TWELVE!
HAS DISAPPEARED!

BLAST
THE LUCK!
NOW THE
ALARM
WILL BE
OUT!



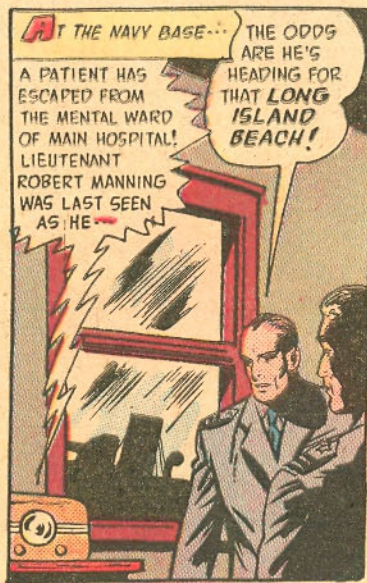
I'LL HAVE TO KEEP
UNDER COVER...THIS
TRUCK IS GOING IN
THE RIGHT
DIRECTION!



WHEN THE TRUCK TURNS OFF THE
HIGHWAY, BOB FINDS ANOTHER MEANS
OF TRANSPORTATION!

HEY! THAT'S
MY MOTOR-
CYCLE! COME
BACK!

SORRY, MISTER!
I'LL FIX IT UP
WITH YOU
LATER!



AT THE NAVY BASE...

A PATIENT HAS
ESCAPED FROM
THE MENTAL WARD
OF MAIN HOSPITAL!
LIEUTENANT
ROBERT MANNING
WAS LAST SEEN
AS HE...

THE ODDS
ARE HE'S
HEADING FOR
THAT **LONG
ISLAND
BEACH!**



LATER...

MADE IT!
AND DAWN
HASN'T COME
YET!



THERE'S THE
SUB, THANK
GOODNESS!

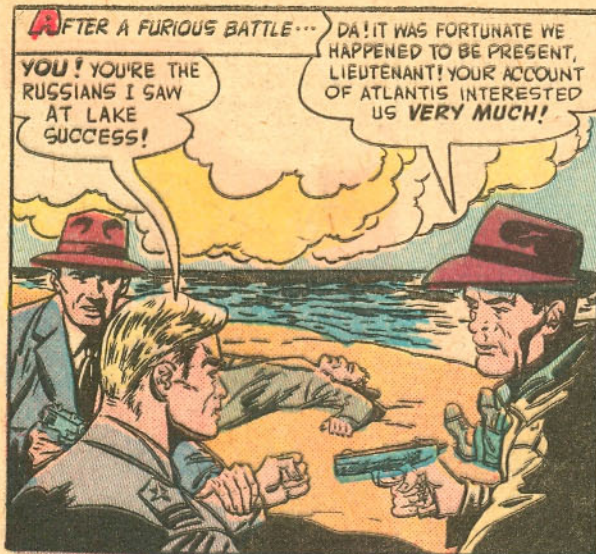
LOOK! IT'S
THAT AMERICAN
LIEUTENANT!

BAH! I THOUGHT
WE HAD FIXED
HIM! BUT WE
WILL **NOW!**



WHAT
THE...

POW!





CALL TO THE
SUBMARINE
COMMANDER!
TELL HIM YOU
ARE BRING-
ING THE
TECHNICAL
EXPERTS!

**AHOY! THE
SUBMARINE!
THIS IS
LIEUTENANT
MANNING!**



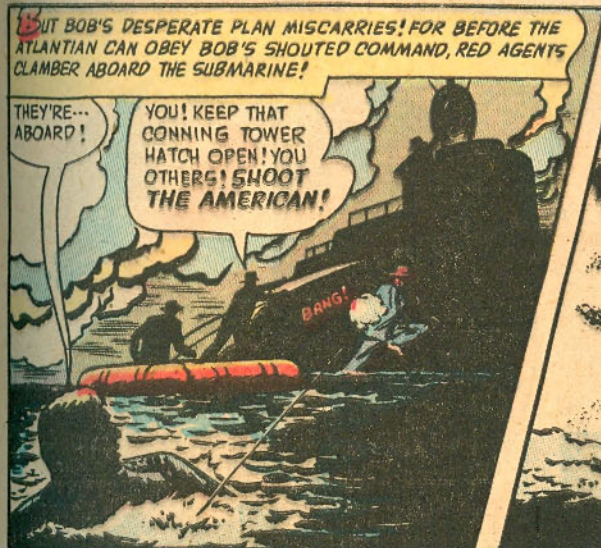
COME ABOARD, LIEUTENANT!
IT IS WELL YOU ARE HERE ...
I AM MUCH WEAKER! I
COULD NOT HAVE WAITED
MUCH LONGER...



THEN...SUDDENLY...

**CLOSE THE
HATCH! SUBMERGE!
TRAITORS ARE
HERE!**

**YOU
DOG!**



THEY'RE...
ABOARD!

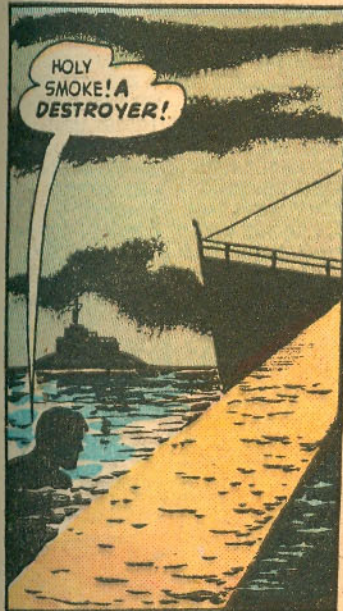
**YOU! KEEP THAT
CONNING TOWER
HATCH OPEN! YOU
OTHERS! SHOOT
THE AMERICAN!**



BOB DIVES TO AVOID THE HAIL OF BULLETS!

**BANG!
BANG!**

**I'VE FAILED!
FAILED! I
CAN NEVER
STOP THE
SUBMARINE
NOW!**



**HOLY
SMOKE! A
DESTROYER!**



**HELP!
HELP!**



**COMMANDER
SAMSON!**

**I THOUGHT
YOU'D COME TO
THIS REGION
WHEN YOU ES-
CAPED, LIEUTEN-
ANT! BUT I DIDN'T
EXPECT TO FIND
YOU IN THE
WATER!**



THE ATLANTIANS' SUBMARINE, COMMANDER! IT'S---

TAKE THE LIEUTENANT BELOW! HE HAS BEEN UNDER A SEVERE STRAIN---



RUSSIAN AGENTS HAVE CAPTURED THE SUBMARINE! THEY'RE GOING TO ATLANTIS TO STEAL THE SECRETS!

RUSSIAN AGENTS? RIDICULOUS!

SUBMARINE SIGHTED DEAD AHEAD!

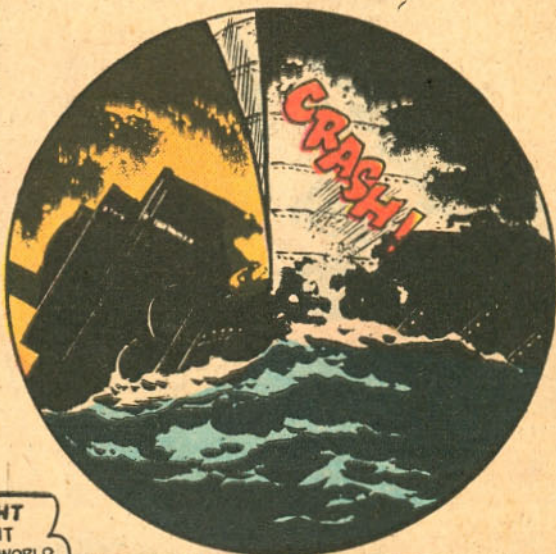


THERE IT IS! IT'S SUBMERGING! RAM IT! IN ANOTHER MINUTE, IT'LL BE TOO LATE!

BY GEORGE! IT MUST BE THE MYSTERY SUBMARINE FROM THE LOOKS OF IT! MAYBE I'M AS CRAZY AS YOU ARE, LIEUTENANT, BUT---



STAND BY FOR RAMMING! FULL SPEED AHEAD!



ANY SIGN OF SURVIVORS?

THERE'S ONE--- WEARIN' A ROBE OR SOMETHIN'!

IT'S THE ATLANTIAN!



YOU DID---THE **RIGHT THING**, LIEUTENANT! IT WOULD HAVE MEANT A WORLD CATASTROPHE IF THOSE MEN HAD REACHED ATLANTIS!... DO NOT WORRY ABOUT ME ---I WAS DYING ANYWAY! I CANNOT LAST LONG UP IN THIS AIR---I---I--- LET ME SINK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN---WHERE I BELONG---



LATER---

THE SECRETS OF ATLANTIS ARE LOST FOREVER BECAUSE OF WHAT I DID! AND THE GOOD THEY MIGHT HAVE DONE THE WORLD WILL NEVER BE! YET---

YET, YOU DEFEATED A RED ATTEMPT AT WORLD CONQUEST, LIEUTENANT! YOU SAVED AMERICA, MY BOY! YOU SAVED--- **CIVILIZATION!**

The End 12

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THE Greedy SPY

THE RED AGENT jabbed his pistol harder against Walter Crane's back, prodding him further up the steep mountain slopes in the interior of Hokkaido Island. And as Walter stumbled for the hundredth time, toppling forward on his face among the sharp rocks, Khiftan lowered his gun and kicked the American viciously in the ribs for the hundredth time.

"Get up, pig," the Red agent grated out. "We still have another half mile to go. Up!"

To the accompaniment of another brutal kick, Walter staggered to his feet. But although he once more began ascending the slope with painful slowness, Walter's mind was operating swiftly, keenly, analyzing all the possibilities of escape from his captor. Indeed, ever since Walter had recovered from the drug which Khiftan had slipped into his tea in Tokoy, the American occupation official had been desperately trying to think of some way of outwitting his kidnapper.

The stakes were high, Walter knew. Filed away in his orderly mind were thousands of vitally important facts regarding the defenses of Japan---facts which a potential enemy would go to any lengths to secure. And although Walter was certain no physical torture would ever make him reveal those secrets, he knew only too well that the Reds were past masters at the insidious uses to which the "truth serums" could be put. In the hands of ethical medical practitioners, such truth drugs as sodium pentothal could be used to elicit information from the unconscious minds of mentally disturbed patients---but in the hands of unscrupulous spies, they could be used to draw out the deepest secrets from the most unwilling captive.

So, Walter knew, it was of the utmost importance that he either escape from Khiftan---or else commit suicide before the Reds could work him over with the truth serums.

And now, as Walter's eye roved desperately over the wild, lonely scenery, searching for some method of outwitting the cunning Red spy, he suddenly found that method. Stumbling once more to the ground, Walter gasped out, "Can't---go on! Water---water---"

"Weak American pig!" Khiftan snarled. "I have had as little water as you---but I can bear my thirst. Get up---up!"

But this time Walter refused to respond to the savage kicks---and finally, the Red spy paused, baffled.

Walter seized his chance. "That---that plant there," he gasped out. "The star anise---the fruit is edible---juice will satisfy thirst---"

Khiftan looked at the plant Walter was pointing to, and grinned. "Ah, yes---in China, the juice of the star anise is used by the liqueur makers---and I can use a drink right now! I will satisfy my thirst first, while you watch me and suffer---and then perhaps I will give you enough to revive your puny strength."

Walter watched as Khiftan plucked one of the star-shaped fruits and greedily began to suck on it. And thirty seconds later, it was Walter's turn to grin as the Red spy suddenly stiffened in the throes of agony and sank to the ground, writhing with convulsions.

Walter crawled to the fallen gun, and then said to the dying spy, "If your hobby was botany like mine, you'd know that the juice of the Japanese star anise contains *anisatin*, a deadly poison! If you had given it to me first, I'd have cheated you out of the information you wanted---but since you were so greedy, I've cheated both you and death!"

TERROR TIMBERLAND

in
the



FOREST RANGERS IN THE NORTH WOODS ARE HARDENED TO DANGER.... THE LURKING PERIL OF A COILED COPPERHEAD... THE SUDDEN SNARLING RUSH OF A GRIZZLY... THE HOWLING BLEAKNESS OF A WEEK-LONG BLIZZARD! COMBINE THE DEADLIEST ASPECTS OF THESE WOODLAND MENACES... AND YOU'LL REALIZE WHAT **DAN HOBSON** WAS UP AGAINST... WHEN HE FACED THREE SPIES IN A GIVE-AND-TAKE **BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL!**

A VISIT FROM A CUTE LITTLE TRICK LIKE RAINBOW IS A WELCOME BREAK FOR ANY FOREST RANGER! BUT THIS TIME SHE'S IN A RUSH... IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!



WHAT'S WRONG, RAINBOW? YOU SPOT A FIRE SOMEWHERE?

NO... FIND MAN CAUGHT IN BIG TREE! CAN'T CLIMB DOWN!



WONDER WHAT HAPPENED ? A BIG RADAR STATION JUST OPENED ABOUT TEN MILES FROM HERE, AND MAYBE ONE OF THE STAFF TRIED SOME TREE-CLIMBING FOR EXERCISE... AND FOUND HE COULDN'T GET DOWN!



LOOK, DAN... HE'S WAY UP THERE!



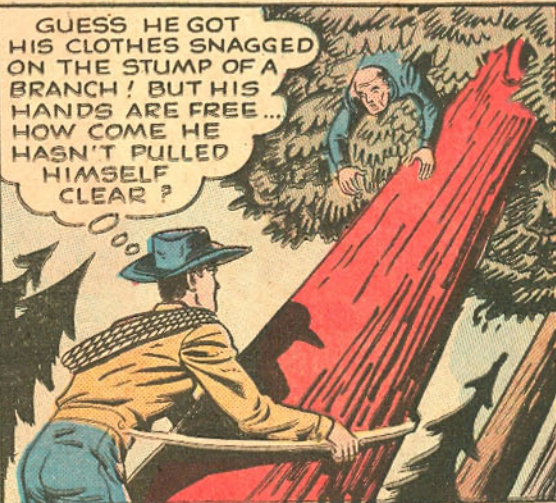
QUICK... GET INTO THESE BUSHES!

A FOREST RANGER! I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE GRABBED THAT INDIAN GIRL AFTER SHE SPOTTED BASILOV!

WAIT! SHOOTING HIM NOW WON'T DO ANY GOOD! WE'LL LET HIM GET BASILOV DOWN... AND THEN GET RID OF HIM!



WITH EXPERT SPEED... FIFTY FEET ABOVE THE FOREST FLOOR...



GUESS HE GOT HIS CLOTHES SNAGGED ON THE STUMP OF A BRANCH! BUT HIS HANDS ARE FREE... HOW COME HE HASN'T PULLED HIMSELF CLEAR?

THEN... HOLY SMOKE! A PARACHUTE! NO WONDER HE'S STUCK- THE ROPES GOT TANGLED!



PLEASE... GET ME DOWN! I'M A PRIVATE COMMERCIAL PILOT AND I BARELY MANAGED TO BAIL OUT WHEN MY PLANE CRASHED NEAR HERE!

OH, YEAH? I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT NO PLANES WHATEVER ARE ALLOWED TO FLY WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF THIS RESTRICTED RADAR STATION ZONE!

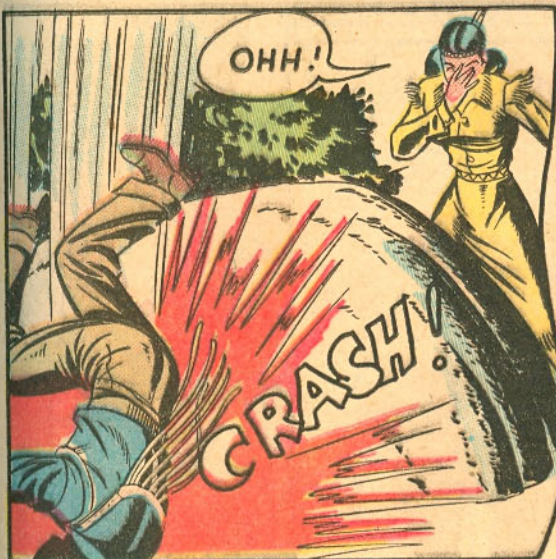


YOU'RE TOO SMART FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, RANGER! LET'S HAVE THAT ROPE!



CHUM... I NEVER DO FAVORS AT GUN POINT!

ON THE NEXT
SECOND...



TRYING TO HIT HIM IS JUST A WASTE OF BULLETS! NO MATTER WHICH WAY WE CIRCLE, HE OUTGUESSES US EVERY TIME!

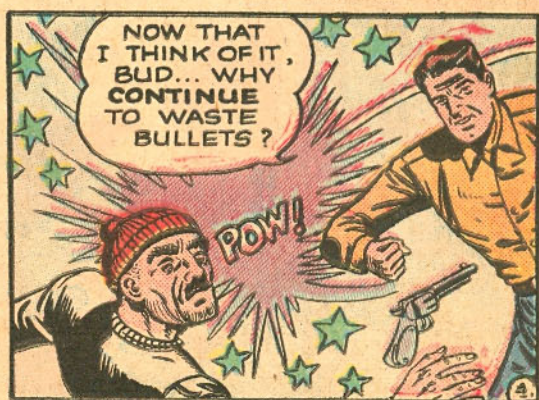


AS THE FAST-SPREADING FLAMES
CAST A FLICKERING GLOW OVER THE
SHADOWED WOODS--



AT THAT MOMENT... SEARED BY THE
FLAMES THAT CRACKLED THROUGH
THE CHOKING PALL...

IN A DESPERATE LEAP...





AT THAT MOMENT...



BEFORE DAN CAN DODGE...



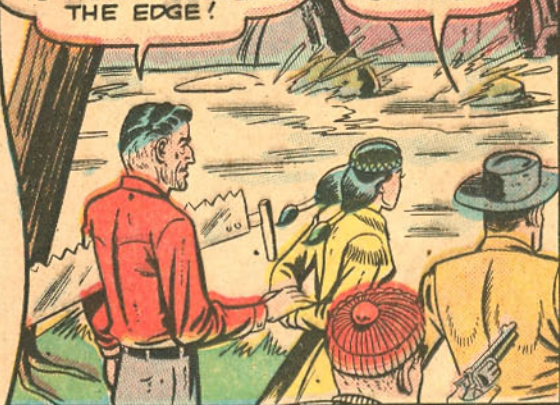
HOLD ON...IF THE GIRL'S TRIBE FINDS THEIR BODIES HERE, THE WOODS WILL BE THRONGED BY SOLDIERS AND FOREST RANGERS! IT'LL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO ESCAPE... LET ALONE ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION! BUT THERE'S A WAY TO HAVE THEIR BODIES WIND UP MILES FROM HERE, BATTERED BEYOND RECOGNITION-- THE RIVER!



R HALF HOUR LATER--

THIS SAW FROM HIS TENT IS ALL WE NEED! GET HIM OVER TO THAT TREE NEAR THE EDGE!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU RATS WOULD HAVE YOUR HEARTS SET ON OUR DYING SLOWLY!



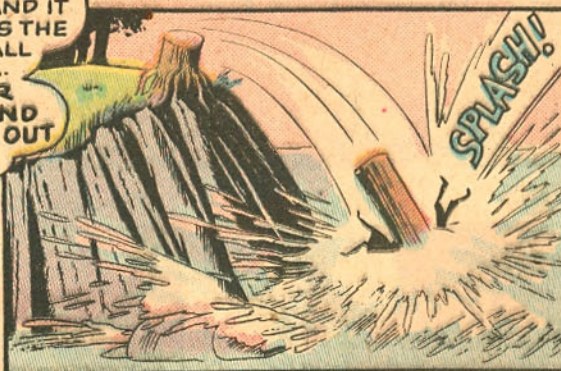
IT'S A TOUGH SPOT, RAINBOW.... I WISH YOU HADN'T BEEN DRAGGED INTO THIS!



MAYBE IT'S MERCIFUL THIS WAY, RANGER! AFTER WE START THE FIRE, AND IT FANS ACROSS THE WOODS IN ALL DIRECTIONS... MOST OF HER TRIBE IS BOUND TO BE WIPED OUT ANYWAY!

THEN...WITH THE SCREECHING STEEL DROWNED OUT BY A MOUNTING ROAR...

GET BACK-- THERE IT GOES!



DAN... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

THANK GOSH WE'VE BOTH MANAGED TO KEEP OUR HEADS ABOVE WATER.... BUT THAT WON'T HELP MUCH WHEN WE START SLAMMING AMONG THE ROCKS!



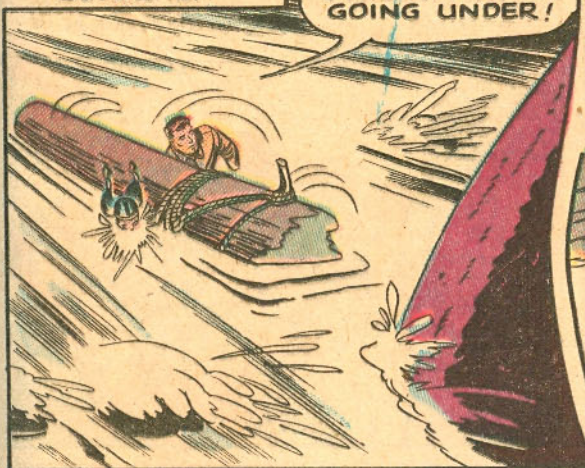
R HALF MILE BEYOND... IN THE MIDDLE OF A RAGING VORTEX...

YE GODS... WE'LL BE SMASHED TO A PULP!

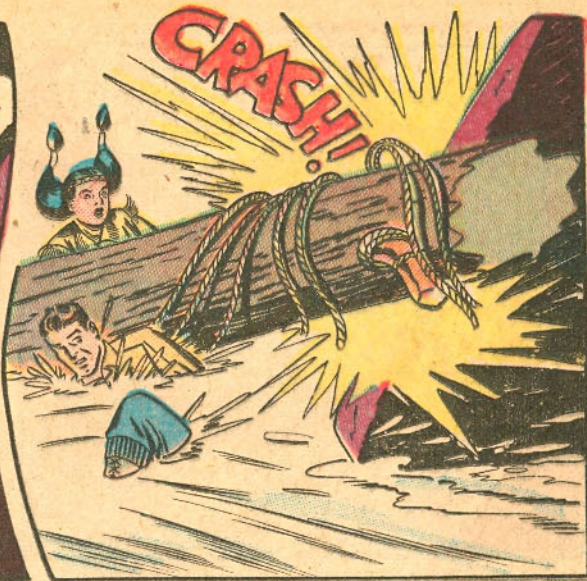


SWEEPED TOWARD A
JAGGED ROCK...
THE TREE ROLLS
SUDDENLY!

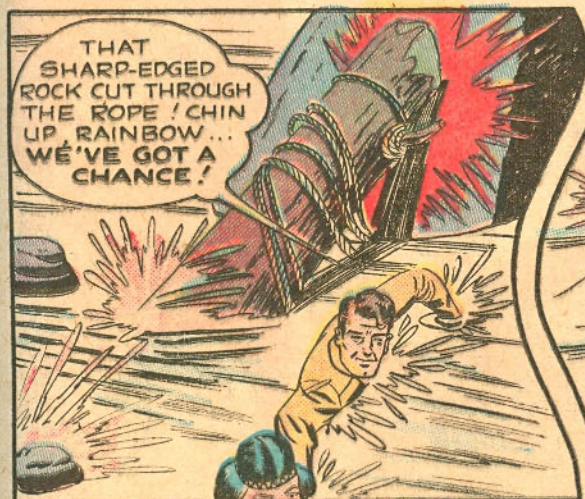
RAINBOW...
HOLD YOUR
BREATH! WE'RE
GOING UNDER!



CRASH!!



THAT
SHARP-EDGED
ROCK CUT THROUGH
THE ROPE! CHIN
UP, RAINBOW...
WE'VE GOT A
CHANCE!



EASY...DON'T FIGHT
THE CURRENT! THERE'S
JUST A FEW YARDS TO
GO... AND WE'RE NOT
GIVING UP
NOW!



A MOMENT LATER...BATTERED
AND EXHAUSTED...

HICKORY RIDGE--
SIX HUNDRED FEET
OF FORBIDDING CRAIGS!

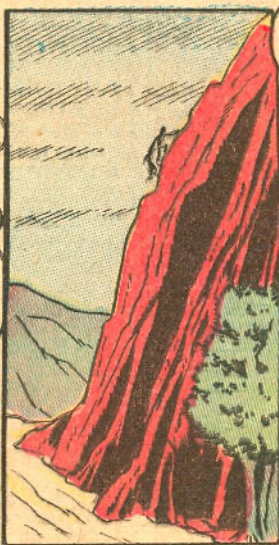
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME, DAN!
THE WIND HAS
RISEN...THE
SPIES WON'T
WASTE ANY
TIME STARTING
THE FOREST
FIRE...AND
WE DON'T
EVEN KNOW
WHERE TO
LOOK FOR
THEM!

MAYBE NOT...
BUT I'M BETTING
THEY WON'T USE
THOSE BOMBS
UNTIL THEY'VE
HIDDEN THEIR
ACCOMPLICE'S BODY...
BECAUSE THAT
WOULD PROVIDE
CLEAR PROOF OF
SABOTAGE! LET'S
TAKE A SHORT
CUT OVER HICKORY
RIDGE... BACK TO THAT
TREE HE
TOPPLED
FROM!



GO AHEAD, DAN...
I'M JUST SLOWING
YOU DOWN! THE
RADAR STATION,
MY PEOPLE...
THOUSANDS OF
ACRES OF WOOD-
LAND...THEY'LL
ALL BE DOOMED
IF YOU DON'T
STOP THOSE
SPIES IN TIME!

I'M NOT
GOING TO
LEAVE YOU
HERE,
RAINBOW!
COME ON...
WE'VE NEARLY
REACHED
THE TOP!



MINUTES LATER...AT THE SUMMIT OF THE RIDGE...



DAN...
THE SPIES!

YE GODS...THEY'LL
BE GONE BEFORE
WE CAN REACH
THEM!

THEY'RE
GOING
THROUGH
THE DEAD
SPY'S POCKETS
WHAT ARE THEY
LOOKING
FOR, DAN?

THE ONE THING THEY'D
BE INTERESTED IN...
ANOTHER INCENDIARY
BOMB! WE'VE GOT TO
STOP THEM, RAINBOW...
AND THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO DO IT!



SECONDS LATER...

THIS GIVES US THREE
BOMBS... ENOUGH TO
TURN THE WOODS
INTO A WINDSWEEP
INFERNO AS SOON
AS WE'VE BURIED
BASILOV!

WHY BOTHER?
WE'LL START
THE FIRE **HERE**
AND GET RID
OF HIS BODY
AND THE
RADAR STATION
AT THE SAME
TIME!



AT THAT INSTANT...



HOLD YOUR
BREATH, RAINBOW!
ONE SHOT IS ALL
I GET...BECAUSE
A MISS WILL
SEND THESE
RATS SCURRY-
ING FOR
COVER!



THEN...LIKE A THUNDEROUS ECHO OF THE
SHOT...



THAT DID IT,
RAINBOW!
I HIT THE
BOMB!

IT'S A HORRIBLE
WAY FOR ANYONE
TO DIE... BUT I'M NOT
SORRY, DAN! THEY
WOULD HAVE DONE
ANYTHING TO
DESTROY THE
RADAR STATION..
INCLUDING
MURDERING
MY PEOPLE!

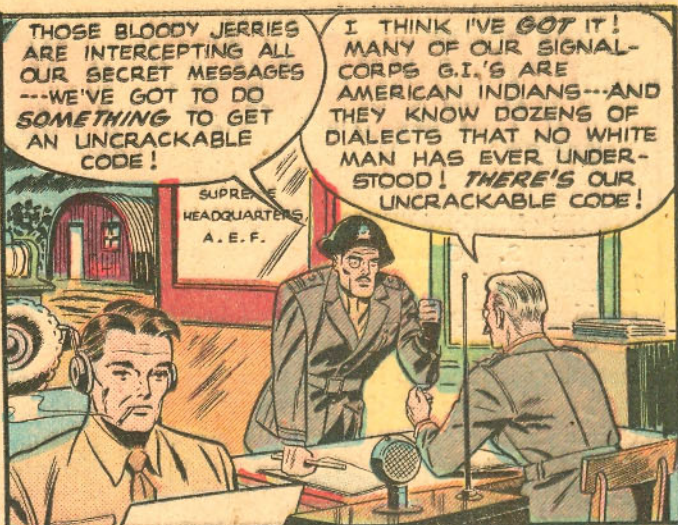
MURDER NEVER WAS
MUCH OF AN OBSTACLE
TO COMMUNIST
SCHEMES, RAINBOW!
BUT PEOPLE TEND TO
STRIKE BACK WHEN
THEY'RE CORNERED..
WHICH IS SOMETHING
THOSE SABOTEURS
LEARNED A LITTLE
TOO LATE!



The
Eng.
B

CRACKING the CODE

Small portable wireless apparatus and "walkie-talkies" became invaluable during the last war in transmitting espionage information from behind enemy lines! But all messages had to be sent in code, because both sides could tune in on each other's frequencies! When the Nazis became adept at cracking our codes...



THOSE BLOODY JERRIES ARE INTERCEPTING ALL OUR SECRET MESSAGES ---WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO GET AN UNCRACKABLE CODE!

I THINK I'VE GOT IT! MANY OF OUR SIGNAL-CORPS G.I.'S ARE AMERICAN INDIANS---AND THEY KNOW DOZENS OF DIALECTS THAT NO WHITE MAN HAS EVER UNDERSTOOD! THERE'S OUR UNCRACKABLE CODE!

THE AMERICAN INDIAN G.I.'S VOLUNTEERED EAGERLY FOR THE HAZARDOUS TASK OF SPYING BEHIND ENEMY LINES AND SENDING INFORMATION BACK THROUGH THEIR WALKIE-TALKIES! SOON THE AIRWAVES WERE FILLED WITH BLACKFEET, CROW, SHOSHONE, CREEK, ALGONQUIN, IROQUOIS AND OTHER INDIAN LANGUAGES...

KAI M'LOBU FERU...TA PLOGRU K'MANU...



WHILE AT THE NAZI LISTENING POSTS...

...P'OLU GAR WAKONO HONDA...

ACH-- WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

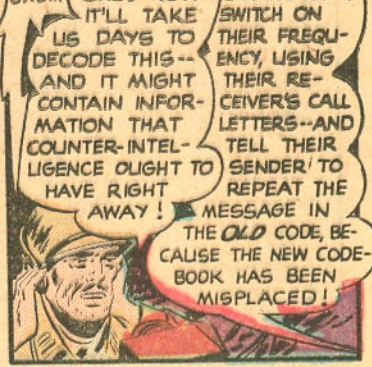
WHO KNOWS? THAT CODE IS UNCRACKABLE!



BUT THE AMERICANS HAD THEIR CODE-CRACKING PROBLEMS ALSO...

..G9 03 87 K54 L2 JX5... HANG IT, THE JERRIES CHANGED THEIR CODE--- JUST WHEN WE MANAGED TO CRACK THEIR OLD ONE! NOW IT'LL TAKE US DAYS TO DECODE THIS-- AND IT MIGHT CONTAIN INFORMATION THAT COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE OUGHT TO HAVE RIGHT AWAY!

WAIT---I'VE GOT AN IDEA! SWITCH ON THEIR FREQUENCY, USING THEIR RECEIVER'S CALL LETTERS--AND TELL THEIR SENDER! TO REPEAT THE MESSAGE IN THE OLD CODE, BECAUSE THE NEW CODE-BOOK HAS BEEN MISPLACED!



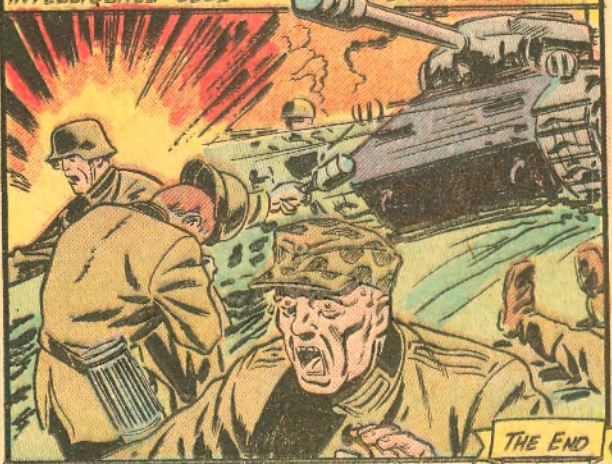
THE PHONY MESSAGE WAS SENT, AND AS THE NAZI TRANSMITTER REPLIED...

...KB L5 R9 FC6 A3 HV7... IT WORKED--- THEY FELL FOR THE TRICK! THIS MESSAGE IS IN THEIR OLD CODE!

SHH, I'M DECODING IT--"4TH PANZER DIVISION ORDERED TO ATTACK ON RIGHT FLANK OF AMERICAN LINES AT DAWN!"



AT DAWN, THE G.I.'S WERE READY FOR THE ATTACK ---AND TURNED IT INTO A NAZI ROUT! ANOTHER VICTORY WAS CHALKED UP TO THE U.S. COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE CODE-CRACKERS!



THE END

HEROIC MISSION

THE HIGH-RANKING general of the U. S. Counter-Intelligence Corps looked slowly around at the solemn assemblage of top defense officials gathered in the Pentagon, and then began reading from the document in front of him:

"In the name of the President of the United States, I hereby award the Distinguished Service Medal to Secret Agent L-74 of the Counter-Intelligence Corps, for heroic service to his country. In June, 1951, Agent L-74 was instructed to proceed to the Yucatan jungles in Central American, on the basis of information that a group of fanatical, die-hard Nazi scientists and airmen had established a secret air base and research center there. Dozens of air surveys had failed to disclose the existence of such a base, but after weeks of unceasing toil and peril, Agent L-74 discovered the ingeniously camouflaged Nazi hideaway.

"In the dead of night, Agent L-74 stole into the camp and overheard a conversation which revealed that the Nazis had been supplied with equipment and materials by Communist agents who were working hand in hand with them. Together, the conspirators had developed a radical new jet plane that was capable of flying at speeds above 1,000 miles per hour. The Nazi scientists merely wished revenge for the defeat of their dictatorship, but the Communists wished to test the plane at no risk to themselves. Therefore, the Communists acceded to the Nazi request that an atom-bomb be smuggled into the Yucatan camp by Red agents---and the Nazis were to attempt to atom-bomb New Orleans, barely 600 miles, or half an hour away.

"If the bombing were successful, the Nazis would have their revenge---and the Communists would, at no risk to themselves, have the secret of a mighty new aerial weapon whose speed would make it invulnerable. The scientists were certain

that the plane was perfect, foolproof---but none of them were sure that the human body could withstand such enormous speeds. If the mission were successful, the Communists would go ahead and mass produce the plane---but if it failed, they would know that such speeds were impossible for humans, and they would abandon all plans for such supersonic planes.

"Having learned that the flight would be made the next morning, Agent L-74 knew that merely sabotaging the plane on the ground would not be enough---for although such an act would temporarily prevent the bombing, it would not deter the conspirators from trying again. Therefore, he knew he would have to destroy the plane or the pilot in flight, thereby leading the Communists to believe that no man could survive such speeds.

"With great daring and complete disregard of his own safety, Agent L-74 then made his way to the guarded, camouflaged hangar---and succeeded in disconnecting the plane's small but ingenious refrigeration unit, which compressed hot air from the engine and then let it expand until it cooled below the freezing point. Without such a cooling mechanism, the temperature of a plane traveling at 1,000 miles an hour would rise to over 300 degrees Fahrenheit---or enough to broil the pilot alive.

"At dawn the next morning, the plane took off---but it never reached New Orleans. Secret Communist freighters plying in the Gulf of Mexico reported a mushrooming atomic explosion in the Gulf---and the Communist high command reluctantly concluded that there was no sense in spending time and material on any such supersonic planes, for it was obvious that humans could not withstand speeds of 1,000 miles an hour.

"As for the Nazis, Agent L-74's radio reports brought down the Mexican Army and the United States Navy and Air Corps---and resulted in the complete capture of all the conspirators, as well as the plans for the new plane!"

Thunderbolt ⁱⁿ THURINGIA



THURINGIA, ONCE THE HEARTLAND OF GERMANY, IS NOW THE WESTERMOST FRINGE OF THE IRON CURTAIN! BUT OMINOUSLY ENOUGH, IT HOLDS MORE THAN THE TOMMY-GUN RULE OF ITS COMMUNIST OVERLORDS...AND THE HOLLOW HOPELESSNESS OF A PEOPLE WHOSE "LIBERATION" HAS BROUGHT THEM STARVATION AND SLAVE LABOR! THERE ARE MINES IN THURINGIA...LESS THAN A HALF HOUR'S Bomber RUN FROM THE FREE GOVERNMENT OF WESTERN GERMANY...AND THE SECRET OF THEIR FEVERISH ACTIVITY MAY SPREAD FROM A THUNDERBOLT IN THURINGIA TO THE OVERNIGHT DOOM OF DEMOCRACY!

AT AMERICAN DISTRICT HEAD-QUARTERS IN A WEST GERMAN CITY...

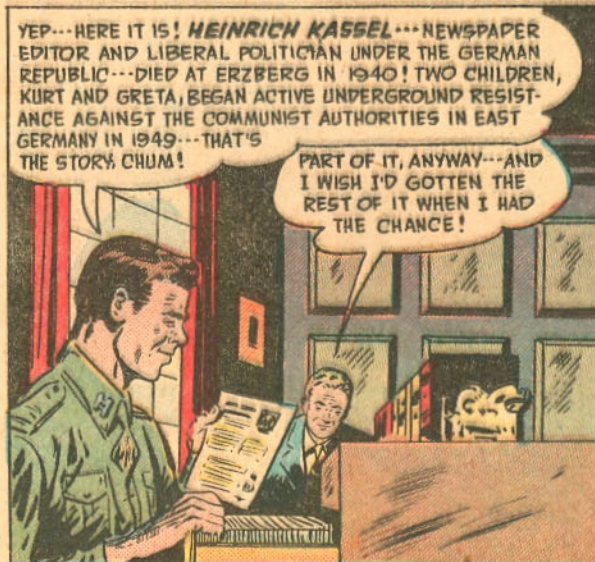
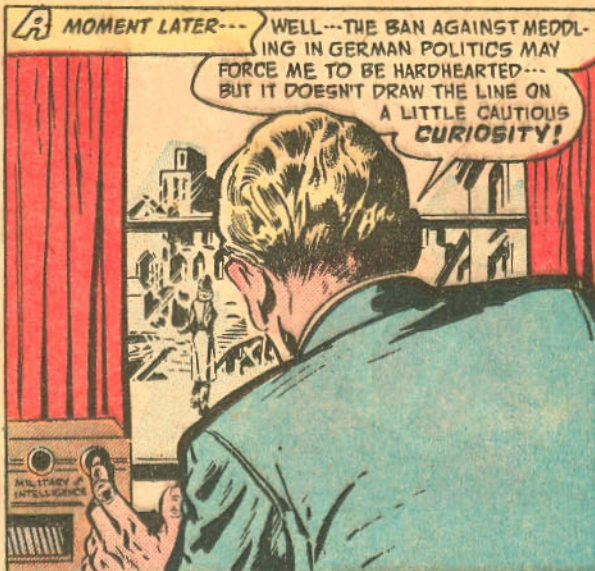
MR. COMMISSIONER, MY NAME IS GRETA KASSEL! I SLIPPED PAST THE SENTRY BECAUSE I'VE GOT TO SPEAK TO YOU!

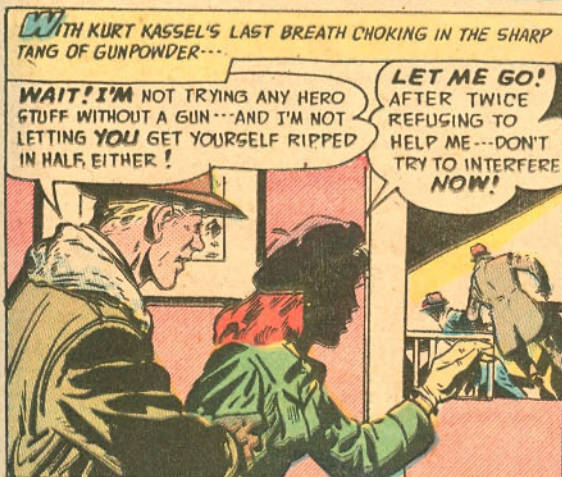
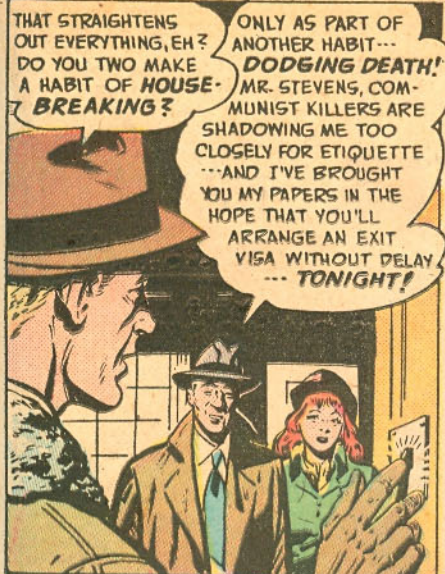
NOT TO ME, HONEY! I'M BARRY STEVENS...THE COMMISSIONER'S SECRETARY!

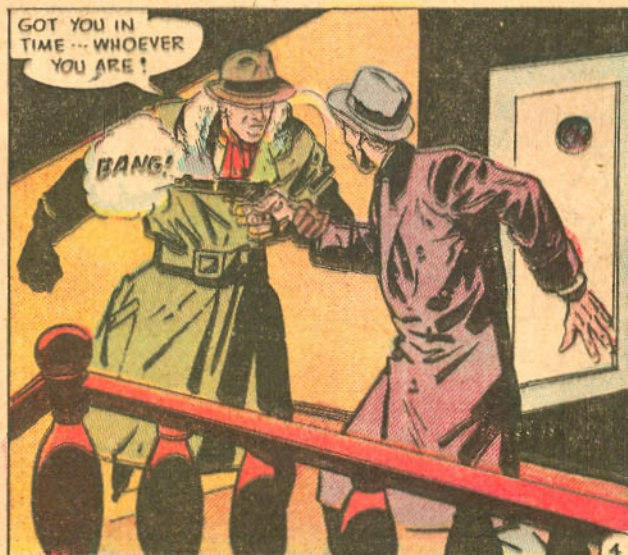
PLEASE DON'T TURN ME AWAY! BELIEVE ME, THIS IS URGENT...A MAN'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!

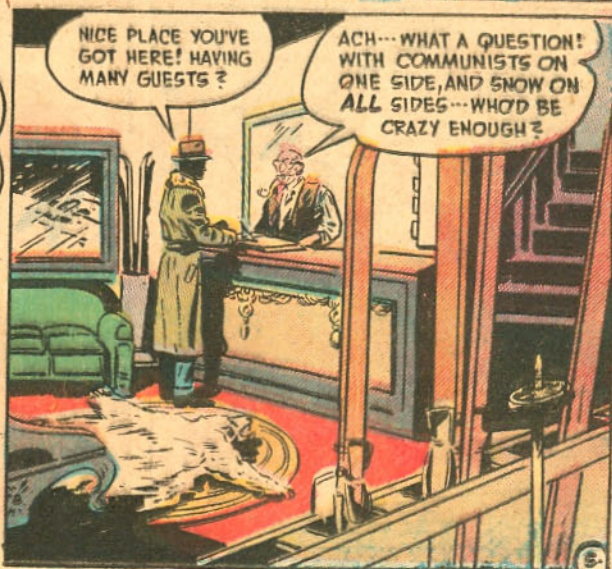
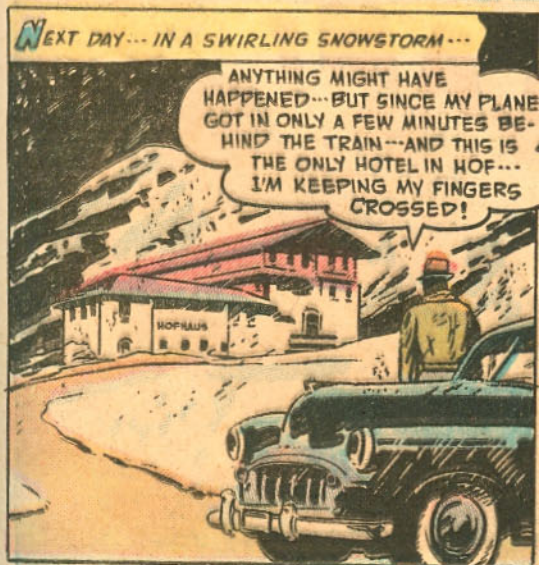
I'M SORRY...BUT WE'RE UP TO OUR EARS IN EMERGENCY CASES! ALL I CAN SUGGEST IS THAT YOU FILE A REQUEST FOR AN INTERVIEW...AND I'LL DO MY BEST TO SPEED IT ALONG!











HIMMEL... I'M FORGETTING!
BUT MAYBE SHE *ISN'T* A
GUEST... BECAUSE SHE
WALKED IN TEN MINUTES
AGO, LEFT A DEPOSIT FOR
THE SKIS... AND THEN
WENT OUT!

SKIING? BUSTER,
I HAVEN'T TIME TO
FISH OUT MY
DEPOSIT... BUT
I'M LEAVING
THIS!

WITH THE BLIZZARD ALL BUT VEILING THE WINDY
SLOPES...

SHE'S PROBABLY FOLLOWING THE ONLY
SAFE TRAIL TOWARD THE SLAVONIAN
ZONE... BUT THE ONLY WAY TO CATCH
HER IS TO TAKE A BEELINE AND
PRAY FOR MY
NECK!

A MOMENT LATER...

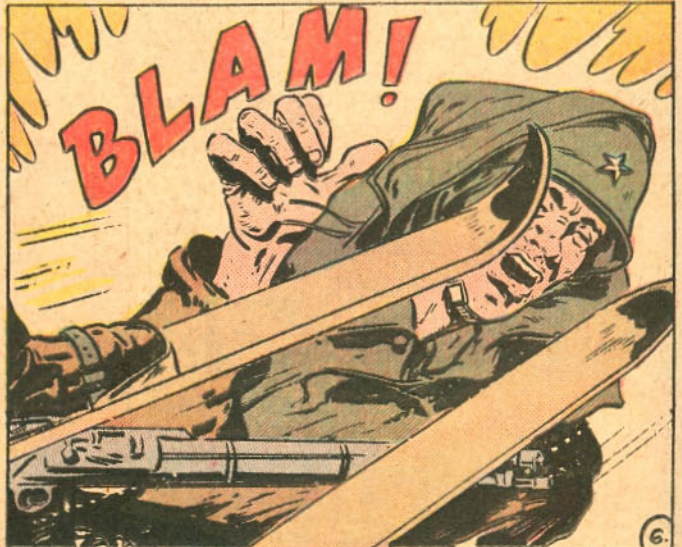
GRETA
...LOOK
OUT!

AS GRETA SWERVES ABRUPTLY...

CRASH!

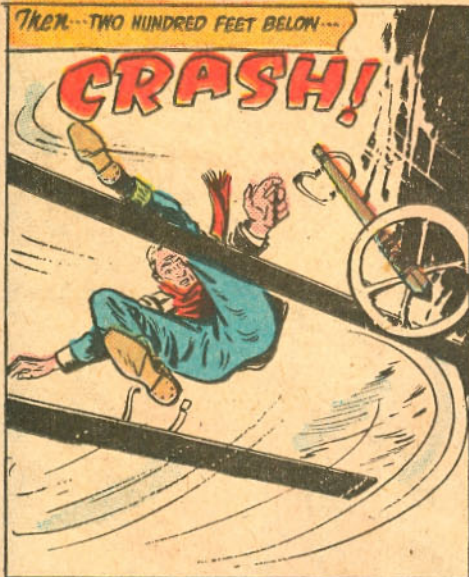
WITH UNCHECKED SPEED...

GRETA'S BEEN KNOCKED OUT
... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO BE
THAT LUCKY! THAT'S THE SLAVON-
IAN ZONE, JUST A QUARTER OF
A MILE BELOW... AND THERE
ISN'T A CHANCE OF STOPPING
BEFORE I REACH IT!



THOX... TWO HUNDRED FEET BELOW...

CRASH!



AN HOUR LATER... AS A GRIM, HAGGARD COLUMN TRUDGES BY...

LOOK! THE LAZY
DOG MUST HAVE
DROPPED OUT
OF THE FRONT
OF THE
COLUMN!



NAME? NUMBER? BLAST
YOU... DO YOU NEED A GUN
BUTT TO HELP YOU SPEAK?

WAIT! I'LL CHECK THE
PAPERS OF THIS INSOLENT
VERMIN... AND LET THE
COMMANDANT
DEAL WITH HIM!

KURT KASSEL, EH? PROBABLY A
NEW WORKER... WORN OUT BY OUR
TWELVE-HOUR SHIFTS IN THE MINE!

IF HE CAN WALK... HE CAN
DIG! FALL IN, KASSEL...
AND DON'T TRY ANY
MORE FAKING, UNLESS
YOU'RE READY FOR A
FIRING SQUAD!



MINUTES LATER... AS BARRY'S
HEAD CLEARS...

**ERZBERG
WISMUT A/G**

WISMUT! HOLY COW
... THAT'S THE COMMUN-
IST SYNDICATE IN
CHARGE OF
URANIUM
MINING!



THERE'S NO USE PUTTING UP A SQUAWK! THE
ONLY PAPERS I HAVE ON ME IDENTIFY ME AS
KURT KASSEL... AND IF THEY EVER LEARN
I'M **NOT** KURT, I'LL BE RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF A GPY
RAP!



YOU SHIFTLESS RASCALS
ARE TWO MINUTES BEHIND
SCHEDULE! GET YOUR
DIGGING TOOLS...
ON THE DOUBLE!

JUDGING FROM **THEM**, THE
LONGER I'M DOWN HERE...
THE LESS PHYSICALLY ABLE
I'LL BE TO MAKE AN ESCAPE!
IT'S GOT TO BE **NOW**... AS
SOON AS I GET A CHANCE
TO DUCK INTO ONE OF THE
DIMLY-LIGHTED
TUNNELS!



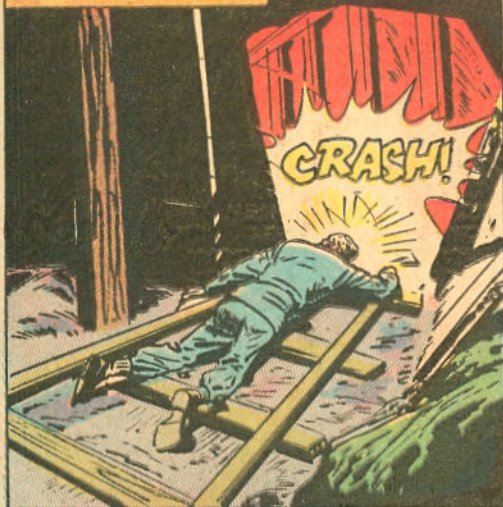


IN THE SECOND THAT THE GUARD'S BACK IS TURNED...

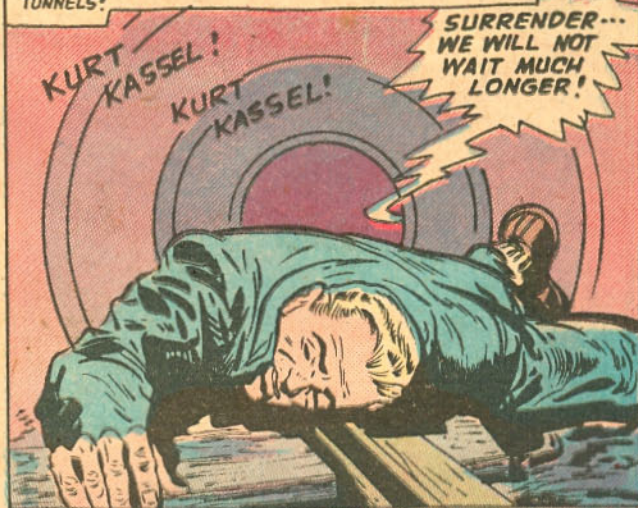
GETTING TO THE SURFACE IS THE NEXT PROBLEM! SINCE IT'D BE SUICIDE TO TRY TO USE THE LIFT... I'LL HAVE TO KEEP LOOKING UNTIL I FIND SOME KIND OF EMERGENCY EXIT!



DOGGEDLY, BARRY LURCHES FORWARD... BUT AFTER A FEW STUMBLING YARDS...



HOURS PASS... WITH BARRY STIRRING FEEBLY AS A NIGHT-MARISH VOICE BOOMS THROUGH THE MILES OF ECHOING TUNNELS!



YOU HAVE SIXTY SECONDS, KURT KASSEL! SIXTY SECONDS... AND THEN TEN MORE MEN CHOSEN AT RANDOM WILL DIE!

YE GODS... THAT VOICE WASN'T DELIRIUM! IT'S COMING THROUGH AMPLIFIERS RIGGED AT INTERVALS ALL ALONG THE SHAFTS!

TIME'S RUNNING OUT FAST... I HEAR FOOTSTEPS... BUT WHAT'LL I DO? HIDE... RUN... GET SHOT?

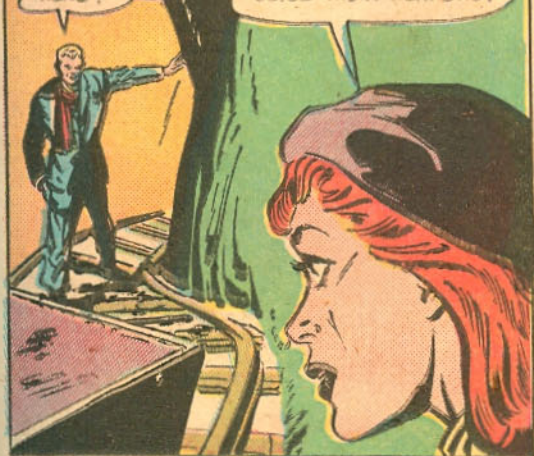


NOPE... I CAN'T LET TEN HELPLESS MEN FACE MY RAP IN FRONT OF A FIRING SQUAD! HEY... HERE I AM! COME ON, JUGHEADS... I'M WAITING!



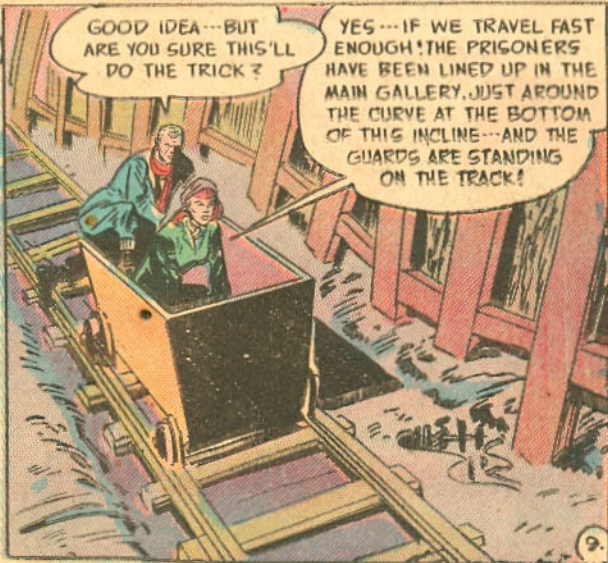
GOOD GOSH... GRETA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

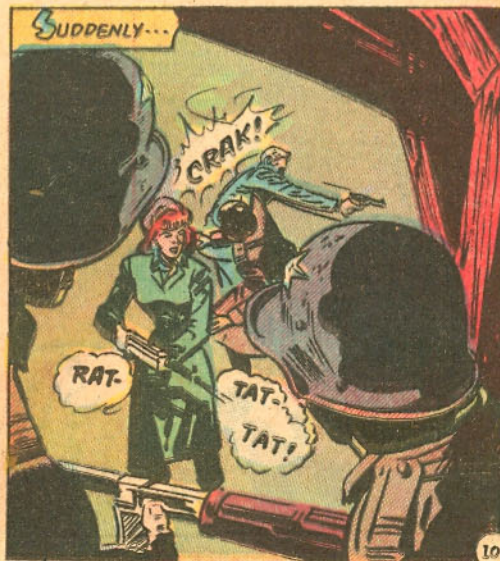
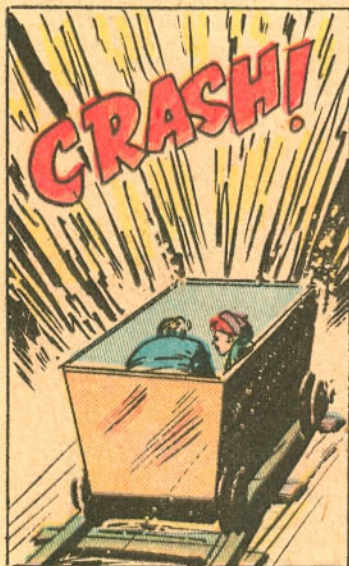
SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING THAT WILL HAVE TO WAIT! HURRY... THE GUARDS... AND TRY TO SEIZE THEIR WEAPONS!



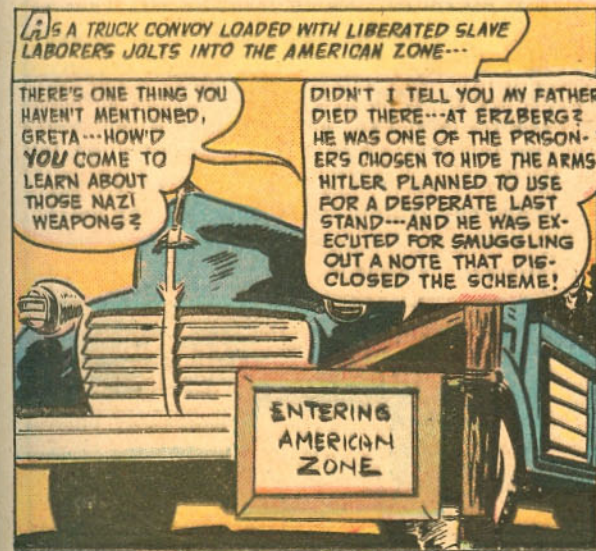
GOOD IDEA... BUT ARE YOU SURE THIS'LL DO THE TRICK?

YES... IF WE TRAVEL FAST ENOUGH! THE PRISONERS HAVE BEEN LINED UP IN THE MAIN GALLERY, JUST AROUND THE CURVE AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS INCLINE... AND THE GUARDS ARE STANDING ON THE TRACK!





IN THE NEXT SECOND...



Delayed REVENGE

GEORGE WHARTON REACHED into the bottom of his bedroom bureau, drew out the Army pistol he hadn't touched in five years, and grimly inserted a clip of .45 calibre cartridges. He'd done plenty of killing during the last war in France and Germany, but he'd never dreamed he would one day think of committing a cold-blooded murder. But this was different, George told himself fiercely---this murder was justified, for he would be doing the world a favor in killing Baron Kurt von Hauptmann.

With the pistol in his pocket, George walked along the campus of the university where he was studying for his Master's degree in economics, and entered the Assembly Hall. He paused at the back of the crowded hall, and his gaze swept over the heads of the intent audience of college youths, and fastened upon the face of the speaker on the platform. Yes, there was no doubt about it---the thin-lipped, cold-visaged face, the haughty Prussian mien, the scar running from the right ear-lobe to the right nostril---the speaker was Baron Kurt von Hauptmann, all right.

But now, of course, the Baron called himself by a different name---Dr. Otto Hoffmann. Gripping the pistol in his pocket more tightly, George listened to the speaker tell how he'd joined the Anti-Nazi underground movement in the late '30's, how he'd fought against the Nazis all during the war---and how happy he was to have been given permission to come to the United States and give the Americans the benefit of his knowledge.

The speaker then went on to narrate how the Russians had teamed up with the Nazis as soon as the war was over, how they had joined forces to plan for the coming war against the Western democracies. And in a ringing peroration, the speaker urged that America attack Russia first, before the Soviets struck.

George began walking toward the platform as the speaker said he was now ready to answer questions. Vaulting lightly onto

the platform, George drew his pistol and said, "I've got a few questions, Baron von Hauptmann!"

The audience gasped as George jabbed his pistol menacingly against the speaker's chest, but George kept his eyes on the Baron's face. "You don't know me, Baron, but I recognized you the moment I saw you on the campus this afternoon. I was one of those American prisoners captured by your troops in the battle of the Ardennes bulge---and you were the S. S. Colonel who deliberately slaughtered hundreds of G. I.'s in the Malmedy massacre!"

George paused, choking back the emotions he felt at reliving that scene. "I can still remember," he continued, "the speech you made to us before you ordered the machine guns and tanks to open up. You told us your name, and said that none of us would live to remember it. Your last official act as an S. S. Colonel, you gloated, would be to kill all the prisoners on the plain at Malmedy---and then Baron Kurt von Hauptmann would vanish, and Dr. Otto Hoffmann would take his place.

"The war was already lost, you said, and the Nazi high command was already preparing for the next war between Russia and the United States---a war from which only the Nazis would profit. And your duty would be to foster such a war! You said that all records which revealed you were a Nazi S. S. leader had been destroyed, and fake documents had been arranged to prove that you were an anti-Nazi underground leader, who had been imprisoned and tortured by the Nazis. But your plan didn't work---because I survived the seven machine-gun bullets in my body! I was going to kill you, but now I've decided not to---because Americans never attack first!"

George tossed his gun out to the audience, saying, "Call the cops, someone!"

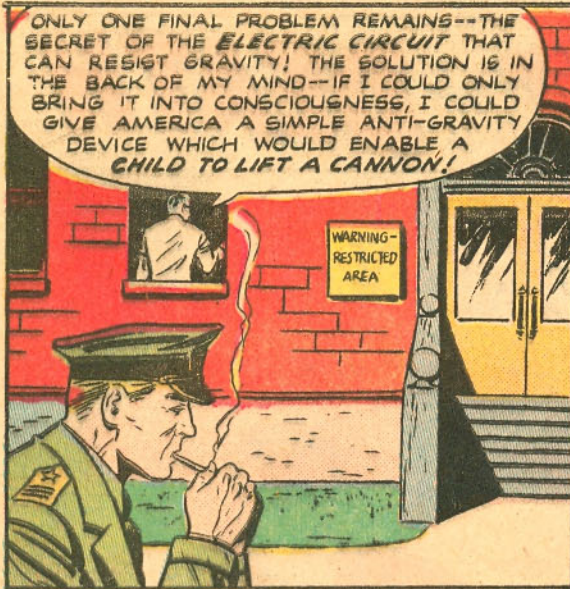
Then, as the Baron snarlingly reached inside his jacket for a gun, George lashed out---and pummeled him unmercifully until the police finally arrived and took the Nazi away.

HYPNOTIST of DEATH



HYPNOSIS--MOST FEARED OF SCIENCES! IN DAYS LONG PAST, IT WAS VIEWED AS **BLACK MAGIC--PRODUCT OF SATAN HIMSELF!** TODAY WE KNOW IT AS A **SKILFUL ART--BUT IT'S AN ART WHICH MAY BE CORRUPTED TO EVIL PURPOSES!** HERE'S A **STRANGE STORY--THE TALE OF HOW THE EERIE POWER IN A MAN'S EYES WAS USED TO STEAL A NATION'S MOST VITAL SECRETS--UNTIL COUNTER-ESPIONAGE SMASHED A VILLAINOUS PLOT!**







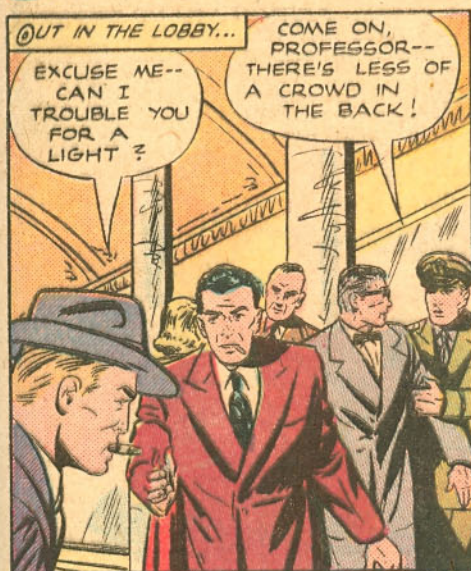
YES...YOU ARE A BIRD! YOU WANT TO FLAP YOUR WINGS--FLY AWAY!

YES...A BIRD...FLY AWAY...



WOW--WHAT A HYPNOTIST!

THAT'S THE END OF HIS FIRST ACT--COME ON, LET'S GO OUT IN THE LOBBY FOR A SMOKE DURING INTERMISSION!



OUT IN THE LOBBY...

EXCUSE ME-- CAN I TROUBLE YOU FOR A LIGHT?

COME ON, PROFESSOR-- THERE'S LESS OF A CROWD IN THE BACK!



BUT AS THE LIGHTER IS APPLIED TO THE CIGAR TIP...

THAT SMOKE--LIKE A JET OF GAS! I...I FEEL STRANGE ...WEAK...



MAKE WAY-- THIS MAN IS SICK!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM--WALK HIM AROUND THE BLOCK AND LET HIM GET SOME FRESH AIR!



BUT IN THE ALLEYWAY...

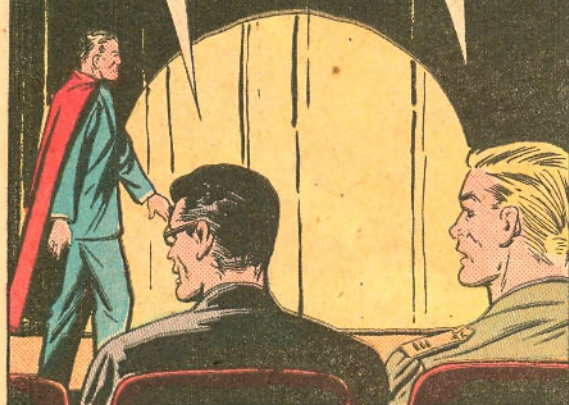


THIS WILL KEEP HIM QUIET UNTIL THE PROFESSOR IS IN OUR HANDS!

HA, HA--YOU KNOW WE'RE HITTING HIM ONLY BECAUSE WE ENVOY IT, FRITZ--THE ACETYLCHOLINE GAS FROM THE CIGAR WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH TO KNOCK HIM OUT!

OTTO IS READY TO GO ON FOR HIS SECOND ACT! WHERE'D THE SECRET SERVICE MAN--LOUIS GAINES--DISAPPEAR TO?

HE WENT DOWN THE STREET FOR A DRINK--HE'LL MEET US WHEN THE SHOW IS OVER!



AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF THERE IS *ANYONE HERE WHO HAS LOST OR FORGOTTEN ANYTHING--* JUST SPEAK UP! FOR I, OTTO THE GREAT-- CAN ILLUMINATE THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND WITH THE BLINDING LIGHT OF HYPNOTISM, AND CAN REVEAL WHAT AMAZING SECRETS LIE THEREIN!

SAY, PROFESSOR-- WHY DON'T YOU VOLUNTEER?



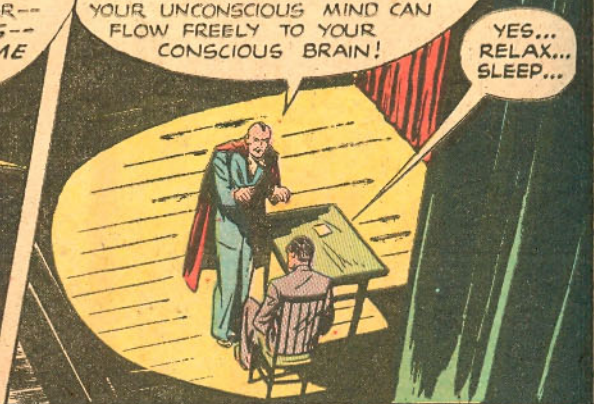
AH, YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN WITH SOMETHING TROUBLING YOU-- SOMETHING IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND THAT YOU WANT TO BECOME CONSCIOUS OF! YOU WILL COME UP ON THE STAGE!

I CAN'T--HAVE TO ASK LOU... OH--THOSE... THOSE BURNING EYES! I...I FEEL AS IF I'M BEING DRAWN INTO THEM--DEEPER--DEEPER--YES-- I WILL COME UP!

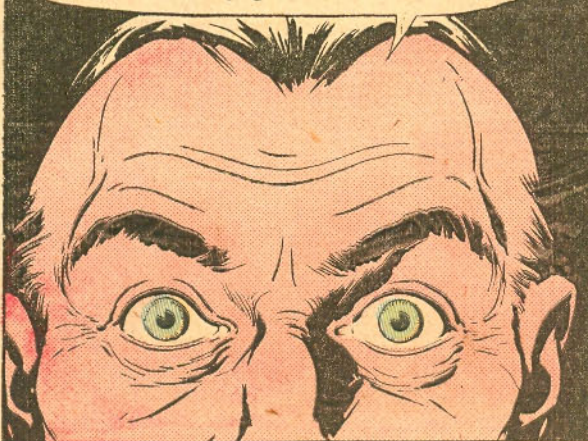


GAZE DEEPLY...DEEPLY! YOU NO LONGER HAVE ANY WILL OF YOUR OWN--YOU ARE BECOMING SUBJECT TO MY WILL! YOU WILL RELAX... COMPLETELY--ALL MENTAL TENSION IS DISAPPEARING--SO THAT THE MESSAGES FROM THE DEPTH OF YOUR UNCONSCIOUS MIND CAN FLOW FREELY TO YOUR CONSCIOUS BRAIN!

YES... RELAX... SLEEP...



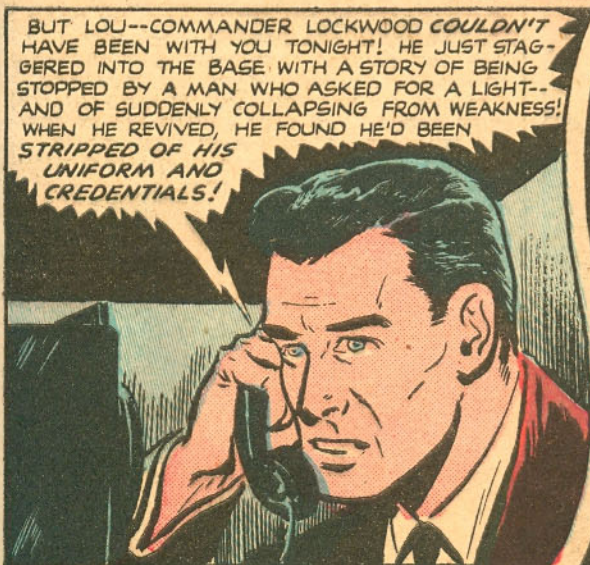
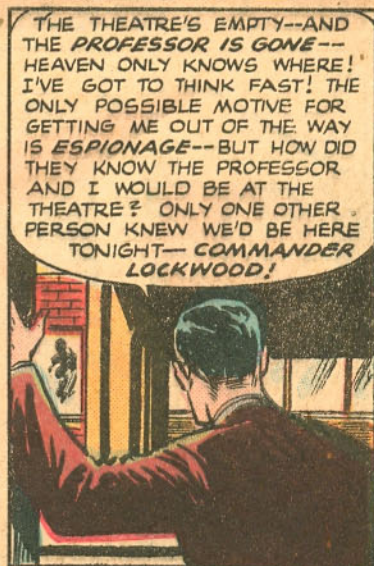
NOW--- THE THING THAT HAS BEEN BOTHERING YOU, THAT HAS BEEN LURKING IN YOUR SUB-CONSCIOUS--WILL NOW BECOME CONSCIOUS--IT IS CONSCIOUS! YOU NOW KNOW THE SECRET FOR WHICH YOU SOUGHT SO LONG--YOU KNOW IT! SPEAK IT!



THE FORCE OF GRAVITY... CAN BE EASILY NEUTRALIZED BY...

WAIT---THERE IS NO NEED TO LET THIS WHOLE AUDIENCE IN ON YOUR SECRET! WHILE UNDER THIS HYPNOTIC TRANCE, YOU CAN WRITE IT ALL DOWN AUTOMATICALLY--HERE! WRITE!





AFTER A ROUND OF FRUITLESS QUESTIONING...

WHY, I SEEM TO RECOLLECT
SEEMIN' TWO MEN O' THAT DESC-
RIPTION 'BOUT TWENTY MINUTES
AGO--THEY WERE HEADIN' FER
DOCK SEVENTEEN, WHARF THAT
NEW CABIN-CRUISER PULLED
IN COUPLE O' DAYS AGO! COUPLE
O' BIG BRUISERS WERE HOLDIN'
UP THE OLD GUY, AS IF HE WAS
DRUNK OR SOMETHIN'...

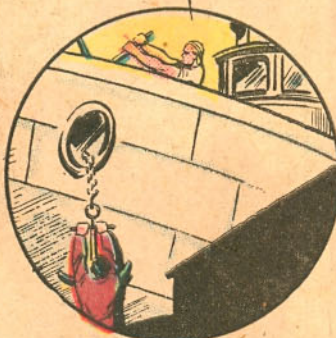
THANKS, OLD-
TIMER--YOU'VE
DONE YOUR
COUNTRY
A GREAT
SERVICE!

ALL THE MEN
ARE ABOARD--
WEIGH
ANCHOR!

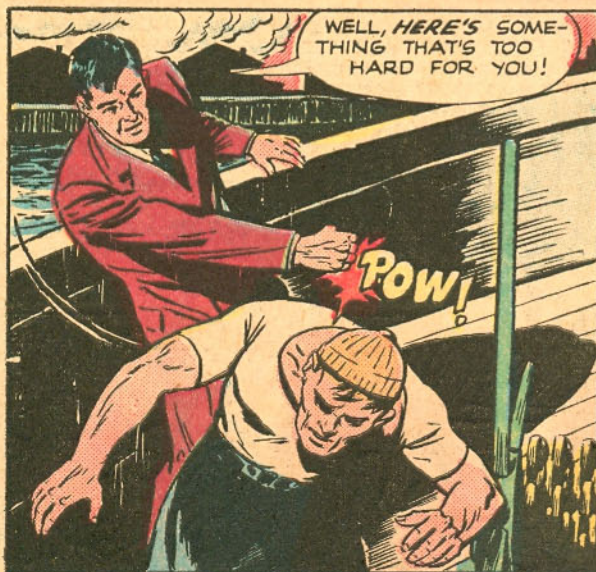
THAT'S LOCKWOOD--OR
WHATEVER HIS NAME IS!
NO TIME TO CALL THE NAVY
OR THE POLICE--THERE'S
ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



ACH--THE ANCHOR
WAS NEVER *THIS*
HARD TO PULL
UP!



AH, NOW IT'S EASIER--
NOTHING IS TOO HARD
FOR A GOOD NAZI!



WELL, HERE'S SOME-
THING THAT'S TOO
HARD FOR YOU!

POW!

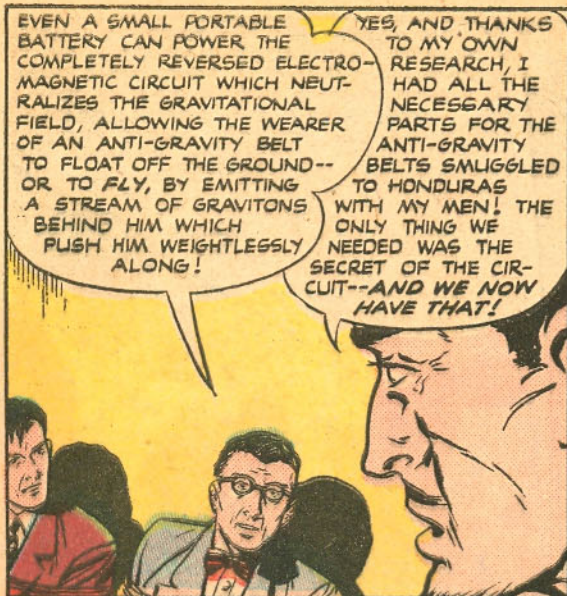
AS THE BOAT STARTS OFF...

YES, MY DEAR
PROFESSOR--I

AM NOT ONLY A HYPNOTIST, BUT ALSO ONE
OF NAZI GERMANY'S TOP SCIENTISTS,
WORKING ON THE PROBLEM OF ANTI-GRAVITY!
JUST BEFORE THE WAR ENDED, HUNDREDS
OF TRUSTED "SS" MEN AND TECHNICIANS
WERE SMUGGLED INTO SPAIN AND THEN
ON TO A SECRET BASE
IN THE JUNGLES OF
HONDURAS-- WHERE
WE ARE GOING NOW!







EVEN A SMALL PORTABLE BATTERY CAN POWER THE COMPLETELY REVERSED ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CIRCUIT WHICH NEUTRALIZES THE GRAVITATIONAL FIELD, ALLOWING THE WEARER OF AN ANTI-GRAVITY BELT TO FLOAT OFF THE GROUND--OR TO FLY, BY EMITTING A STREAM OF GRAVITONS BEHIND HIM WHICH PUSH HIM WEIGHTLESSLY ALONG!

YES, AND THANKS TO MY OWN RESEARCH, I HAD ALL THE NECESSARY PARTS FOR THE ANTI-GRAVITY BELTS SMUGGLED TO HONDURAS WITH MY MEN! THE ONLY THING WE NEEDED WAS THE SECRET OF THE CIRCUIT--AND WE NOW HAVE THAT!

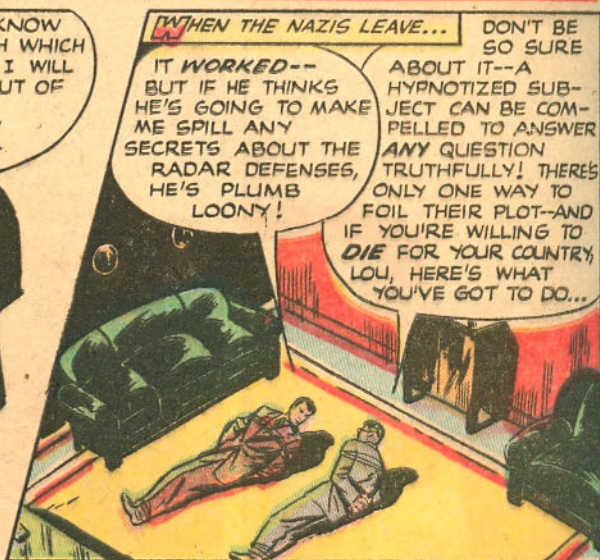


WE WILL KEEP THE PROFESSOR ALIVE SO THAT I CAN HYPNOTIZE HIM FURTHER IN CASE WE RUN INTO ANY TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES--UNDER HYPNOSIS, HE WILL BE COMPELLED TO HELP US! BUT SINCE YOU ARE OF NO USE TO US--YOU DIE NOW!

GOT TO THINK FAST--ONLY ONE CHANCE--

YOU'LL DIE WHEN OUR RADAR-SCREEN NETWORK ON THE CARIBBEAN ISLANDS PICKS UP YOUR MEN, EVEN IF THEY FLY AT NIGHT! AND I HAPPEN TO KNOW THE NETWORK IS ALMOST FOOLPROOF--YOU'LL ALL BE BLASTED FROM THE SKIES!

ALMOST FOOLPROOF? THAT MEANS YOU KNOW THE HOLES IN THE RADAR NETWORK THROUGH WHICH WE CAN SLIP--YOU WILL BE **MOST USEFUL!** I WILL SPARE YOU TO HYPNOTIZE THE INFORMATION OUT OF YOU--AND YOU WILL COME WITH US ON OUR ATTACK, TO TELL US LATER WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT RADAR SCREENS ON THE MAINLAND!

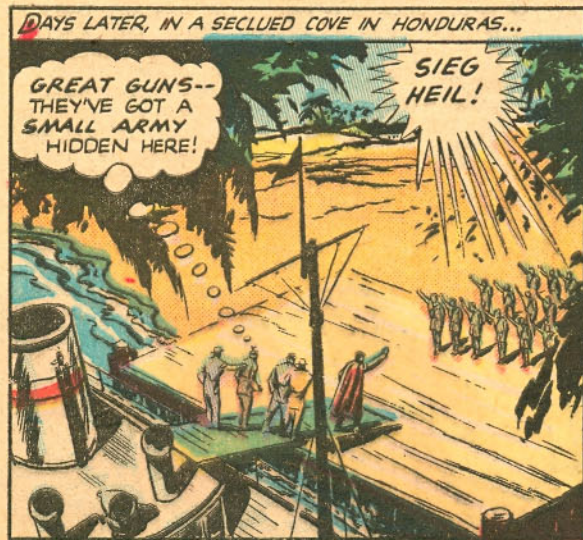


WHEN THE NAZIS LEAVE...

DON'T BE SO SURE

IT WORKED-- BUT IF HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO MAKE ME SPILL ANY SECRETS ABOUT THE RADAR DEFENSES, HE'S PLUMB LOONY!

ABOUT IT--A HYPNOTIZED SUBJECT CAN BE COMPELLED TO ANSWER ANY QUESTION TRUTHFULLY! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FOIL THEIR PLOT--AND IF YOU'RE WILLING TO DIE FOR YOUR COUNTRY, LOU, HERE'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO DO...



DAYS LATER, IN A SECLUDED COVE IN HONDURAS...

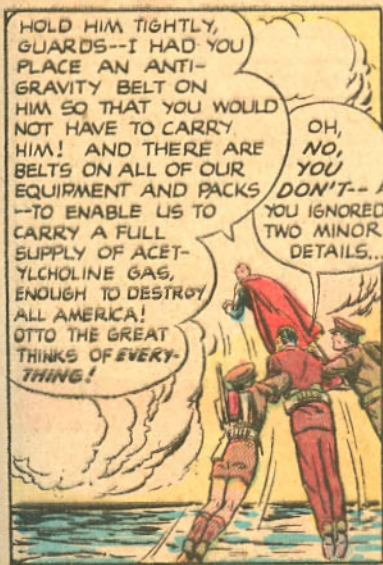
GREAT GUNS-- THEY'VE GOT A SMALL ARMY HIDDEN HERE!

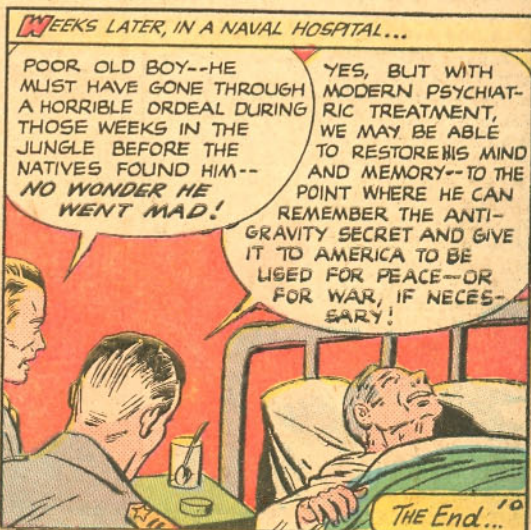
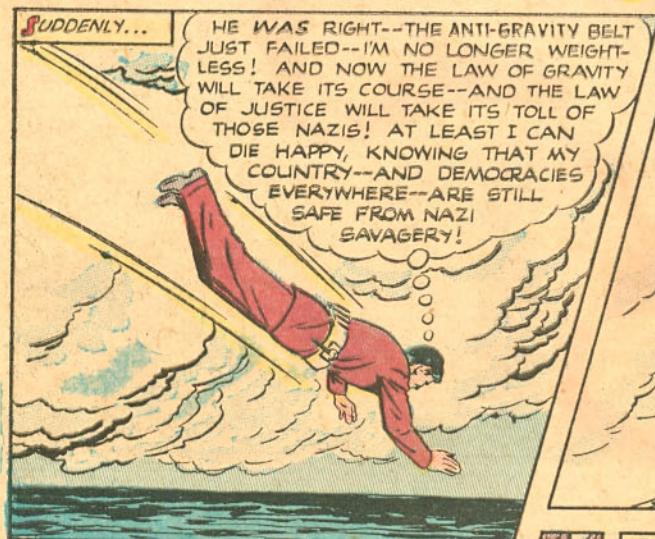
SIEG HEIL!



NOW WE ARE READY FOR THE DETAILS OF THE RADAR SCREEN! GAZE DEEPLY... DEEPLY INTO MY EYES! YOU WILL OBEY ME--AND TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THE RADAR NETWORK!

CAN'T...LOOK AWAY--THOSE BURNING EYES--YES...I WILL OBEY YOU... I WILL TELL YOU ALL...





SPY against SPAIN

AS SOON AS THE BATTLESHIP "MAINE" WAS SUNK IN HAVANA HARBOR ON FEBRUARY 15, 1898, A YOUNG WEST POINT GRADUATE BY THE NAME OF FERNANDEZ DEL CAMPO WAS HURRIEDLY SUMMONED TO NAVAL HEADQUARTERS IN WASHINGTON...

LIEUTENANT DEL CAMPO, WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT SPANISH AGENTS SABOTAGED THE "MAINE"---AND ARE PLOTTING A WAR AGAINST US! SINCE YOU'RE A TEXAN OF SPANISH ANCESTRY, WE WANT YOU TO GO TO SPAIN AS A SPY--- TO LEARN THE PLANS OF THE SPANISH FLEET!

I'LL LEAVE FOR CADIZ IMMEDIATELY, ADMIRAL!



POSING AS A WEALTHY MEXICAN OF PRONOUNCED SPANISH SYMPATHIES, FERNANDEZ BEGAN GIVING EXTRAVAGANT BALLS FOR THE ELITE OF SPANISH SOCIETY---AND BITTERLY DENOUNCED AMERICA WHENEVER HE FOUND AN INFLUENTIAL LISTENER!

THE ARROGANT YANKEES ARE RUINING MEXICAN BUSINESS! THAT'S WHY I FLED TO MY HOMELAND ---TO SPAIN! WE OUGHT TO DECLARE WAR ON AMERICA FOR HER INSOLENCE TO CUBA!

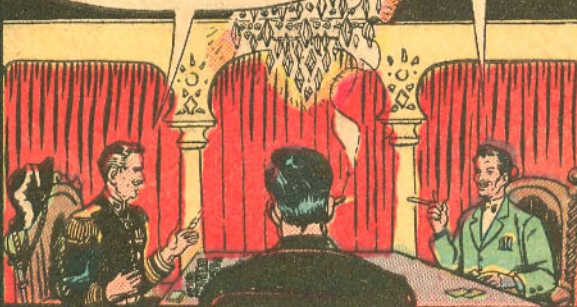
HA! YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN MEETING A FRIEND OF MINE WHO SHARES YOUR VIEWS, SEÑOR DEL CAMPO! TOMORROW, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO ADMIRAL CAMARA, THE COMMANDER OF OUR FLEET!



LEARNING THAT CAMARA WAS AN ARDENT CARD-PLAYER, FERNANDEZ INVITED HIM TO A GAME--- AND SOON BEGAN LOSING FABULOUS SUMS TO THE ADMIRAL!

YOU ARE A TRUE GENTLEMAN, SEÑOR DEL CAMPO ---NEVER HAVE I SEEN A MAN LOSE SO MUCH WITH SUCH GOOD GRACE! BUT YOU MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY FOR WINNING SO MUCH MONEY! TELL ME, WHAT FAVOR CAN I DO YOU TO MAKE UP FOR IT?

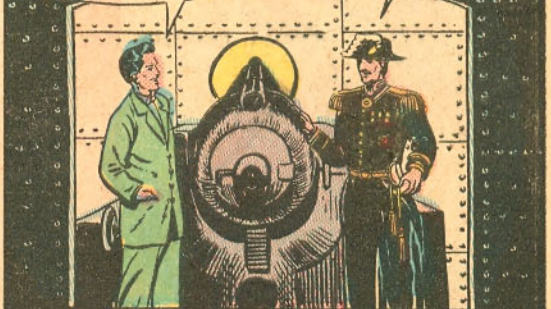
WELL, ADMIRAL, I WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE FLEET THAT WILL SOON BE SINKING THE AMERICAN FLEET!



FERNANDEZ WAS SHOWN THE ENTIRE SPANISH FLEET, AND LEARNED ALL ABOUT ITS ARMAMENT, MUNITIONS AND STORES---RIGHT DOWN TO THE AMOUNT OF COAL IN THE BUNKERS OF EACH SHIP!

AH---ALL THAT, YOU'VE TOLD ME, ADMIRAL, MAKES ME LONG FOR THE DAY WHEN YOU ATTACK AMERICA! IS THAT DAY VERY FAR OFF?

NO---WE SAIL TOMORROW TO DESTROY THE AMERICAN ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLEET IN THE PACIFIC!



AN HOUR LATER...

YOU WISH THIS MESSAGE CABLED TO YOUR BUSINESS OFFICE IN PARIS, SEÑOR ? SI---IT WILL BE SENT IMMEDIATELY!

IT WORKED--- HE DOESN'T SUSPECT THAT IT'S A CODE MESSAGE TO ANOTHER AMERICAN AGENT!



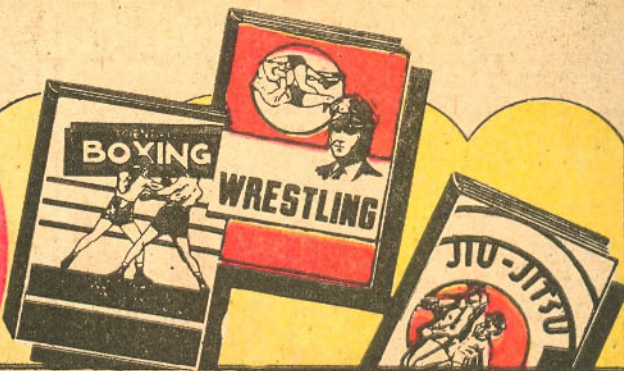
THANKS TO THE VITAL INFORMATION WHICH FERNANDEZ DEL CAMPO SENT, THE U.S. FLEET UNDER ADMIRAL DEWEY WAS ABLE TO SINK OR DESTROY EVERY SPANISH SHIP IN THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY---WITHOUT THE LOSS OF A SINGLE AMERICAN SHIP OR MAN!



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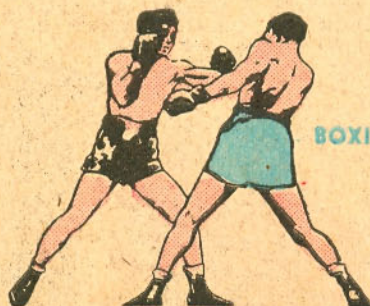
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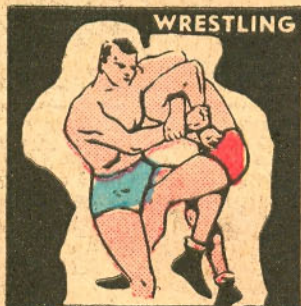
As taught to
Marines, "G"
men, etc.

50c

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BOXING



WRESTLING



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